HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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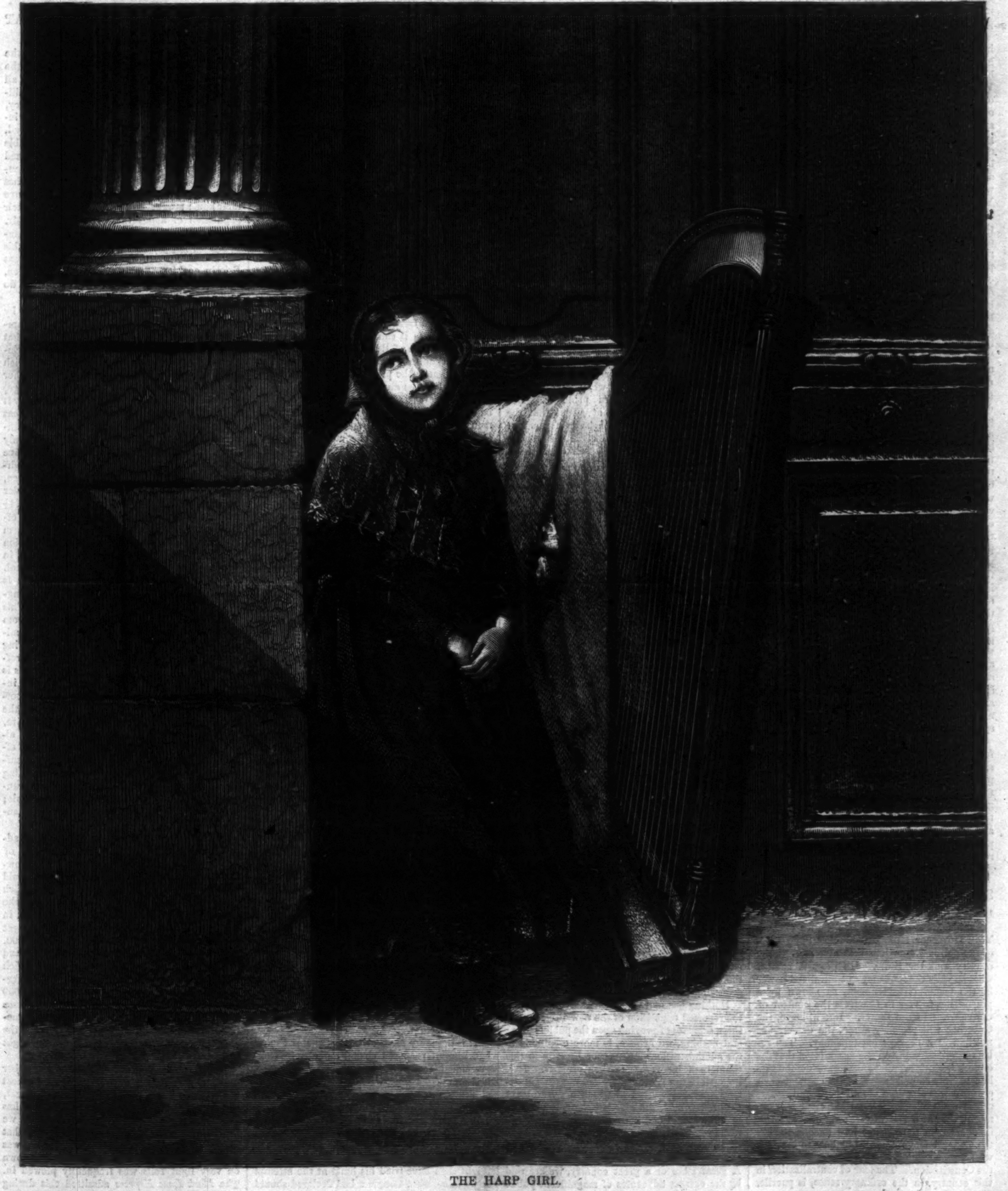


THE HARP GIRL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, January 23, 1869.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

THE imprisonment of Mr. Bowles for a night was followed by an invitation to a public dinner, signed by the Governor of Massachusetts and many of the most prominent citizens of Boston. Mr. Bowles declined the dinner in a letter which is an admirable plea for the independence of the newspaper press. Indeed, as journalism enlists the services of more and more men of ability and experience whose success puts them beyond the necessity of selling their principles with their papers, it has the opportunity of becoming a greater power than ever, and of exercising the most wholesome influence upon political and party action. Indeed a body of journals, in various parts of the country, which, by their character and sagacity, have become leading papers and valuable property, by their independent criticism of men and measures could make themselves the most important power in the land.

Hitherto Mr. Wendell Phillips, commanding attention by his great oratorical gifts and his unflinching judgment of public affairs by his moral standard, has been himself a power. When he speaks his words are telegraphed over the country as if he were the spokesman of a great party announcing a policy; yet his speeches are but individual criticisms and suggestions. They have been heeded by statesmen, however, and he has often proved to be but a year or two ahead of a party. There was a fine burst of sarcasm in the winter of 1865, when he delivered a lecture called "The South Victorious;" but in 1868 it was agreed that the election would virtually decide whether or not the South was victorious. The unique position of Mr. Phillips is due to his independent and rigorous criticism. Its manner has often repelled, angered, and even disgusted. He has certainly not been spared by the newspapers; and his suggestions have not, in our judgment, been always wise, nor his criticism just. But his attitude, that of the fearless, conscientious, able, and eloquent critic is precisely that which the independent journals should occupy.

We believe that they are beginning to feel it as never before. Hitherto the newspapers that called themselves independent have been too often merely the meanest trimmers and panders. They have apparently thought independence consisted in abusing one party to-day and another party to-morrow. But we do not know one truly independent journal in the country whose sympathies are not with one of the two great parties. The man who thinks that both are equally bad, and who does not care which prevails, is a man without opinions, or without principle, or without perception, and in either case is wholly unfit to be an editor. But the more deeply an independent journal sympathizes with the principle and purpose of a party the more strenuously will it censure its follies and errors, the more bravely will it criticise its candidates and leaders, for the purpose of keeping the principle pure, and of making the success of the party a real blessing. The public will gradually learn that only in such papers can they find true statements of events, with comments that aim at the public welfare, and not merely at a party success. In such also, and only in such, will public men be considered impartially, and the plain tendency of an independent press will thus be to elevate the national life and character, and to keep party-spirit within its due bounds.

But only as really able men enter the profession of journalism is such independence possible. Hypercriticism, cynicism, captiousness, persiflage, are not its characteristics, but profound conviction, tact, knowledge, humor, and good temper. Fifty such journals from Maine to California, prosperous, sparkling, vigorous, and rigorous, would rattle the dry bones of party hacks, and instill a most wholesome terror in charlatans of every kind.

SOME OF GOVERNOR HOFFMAN'S VIEWS.

In his Message to the Legislature of New York Governor Hoffman touches upon most of the political questions that now interest the country and the State. He protests against what he calls the tendency to centralized power in the General Government, as shown by a proposition to vest in Congress the control of the suffrage in the States. But hitherto, the Governor will probably agree, the danger has not lain in a centralizing tendency. The rebellion proceeded upon the assumption that the opposite principle under Democratic domination had become so universal that the General Government was already virtually destroyed. The rebels were mistaken, but their error was demonstrated at a fearful cost; and the problem for statesmen now is not how to decentralize the General Government, but how to invest it with power enough to fulfill the guarantees of the Constitution. The fear of centralization in this country, in the ordinary sense, is puerile. Governor Hoffman truly says that the Constitution provides that the electors of each State shall have the qualifications of electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature; but it also provides that the United States shall guarantee to each State a republican form of government. Now the extent of the suffrage practically determines the republican form; and how, therefore, can it be true that the subject is constitutionally put beyond the action of Congress?

Governor Hoffman enters at length upon the question of city government, and opposes the commissions which have been established in the city of New York and elsewhere. He alleges that they have given to the political minority the power of governing the majority, and declares that to insist upon their necessity is to admit the failure of the republican system. That is a conclusion which by no means follows. If, however, the test of a good government be economy and security, there would undoubtedly be a very large number of intelligent voters in the city of New York who would unhesitatingly declare that the government of that city by Tammany Hall was a decided failure. But the people of the State are the political community with which we have to deal, and they are to govern the State in such a manner as experience and the nature of things show to be most expedient for the general welfare. Experience has shown that it is best in most cases to allow the inhabitants of local divisions to manage their local affairs; but whenever experience has shown that such a course is not best the people will take a different course.

In the State Constitutional Convention of 1867 Judge Daly of New York reasoned from the medieval cities as the centres of liberty and popular rights to modern cities. It was a singular misconception of the subject, because it is wholly impossible to establish any analogy between the citizens defending themselves against baronial encroachments and the citizens regulating a part of their domain. To make his analogy good, he should have asserted the right of any squad of citizens to deny the authority of the whole. The supreme power resides in the whole body, and the local authority is derived from them. If the Governor and his party rested their cause upon the assertion that the public order, health, and security of the city would be in every way better maintained if they were left entirely to the control of the residents of the city, their position would be very much stronger than when they talk of rights and the republican principle. But Governor Hoffman will not forget that the Police Commission was originally formed at the earnest request of good citizens irrespective of party, and that he himself commended it as the best system ever devised. Nor can he deny, for every body knows, that the sense of public security is a thousandfold greater under the new system than under the old.

The Governor is one of the leaders of a party which absolutely controls the city elections. At these elections, when necessary, his party friends, as in the last election, perpetrate the most enormous frauds. They hoped and expected to carry the State by such means, and they partially succeeded. If they could only have uncontrolled sway, if the people of the whole State would only agree that this part of their domain should be managed entirely without regard to their will, the Tammany ring would be satisfied, but the people would soon find that they were the first victims of their own folly.

JOBS.

The number of jobs that the Lobby hopes to push through Congress is appalling. Every kind of enterprise is to implore the aid of the Government. When the public debt is enormous and its pressure upon every individual severe, and when therefore economy should be peculiarly the public policy, private interests are about to descend in a flood and attempt to prolong and perplex the pressure. The universal argument is that the enterprise which is seeking assistance is a public benefit. But the answer is generally conclusive, that if it be really a public benefit the interested part of the public will pay for it, and if not it is manifestly unfair to compel the whole public to pay for it. Every lawful private enterprise is, in a certain sense, a public benefit. Every shop opened, every fine building erected, may be called a public benefit. Shall the Government, therefore, keep shop or give money to those proposing to build?

Nothing has more satisfied the country than the reported opposition of the new President to these schemes of preying upon the public purse; and nothing, we believe, is more creditable to the administration of Governor Fenton in this State than his vetoes of such projects. It is impossible to say that there are not certain enterprises of this kind to which a government may not wisely lend aid, but the rule must be that enterprises which are not promising enough to pay for themselves by tempting the investment of capital are certainly not promising enough for an outlay of the public money. A great state or a great country, we are told by the earnest advocates of magnificent public expenditures, ought not to be niggardly. A state, says some ardent theorizer or resolute Lobby agent, can not be imperial if it is miserly. But does it, therefore, follow that it may be imperial by being wasteful or dishonest? A Pacha who scatters gold as he rides and wears a jeweled sabre may be a very magnificent potentate, but the people behind him, out of whom that splendor is extorted, are inexpressibly wretched. The greatness of a nation is not shown by vast public profusion, but by private enterprise and public economy. Is not this, we might ask our friend the theorizer, the greatest nation in the world, and ought not its chief officer to be lodged accordingly? Shall he live in a small White House while a petty Duke of Brunswick lives in a noble palace? Shall we not instantly build a dwelling worthy the chief magistrate of so great a people? Mr. Miller, of Pennsylvania, answers, "By all means," and proposes a magnificent Executive mansion.

But it is not the big brush that makes the great painter. It is not by spending money, however rich he may be, but by the manner of spending it that a man reveals his wisdom. If Congress is to grant money to one man or company upon the plea of the public benefit, it can not refuse other men and companies; and upon what conceivable principle are such grants to be equitably divided? In the old times, twenty years ago, when it used to subsidize steamships to Europe, there was apparently no reason why it should not equally subsidize the ferry to Hoboken. It was the business of the advocates of the subsidy to show that it was essential to the national welfare that those particular ships should be kept afloat at the common charge; but it was not shown. If, however, that could be reasonably proved in any case, it would be an argument very difficult to answer.

One of the strongest arguments against immediate and absolute free trade is, that a people will very willingly and properly pay a certain tax in the form of protection, if there be a just expectation that the abolition of the tax would lead to a uniformity of industry which would weaken the nation against the aggression of a power that might reduce its liberties. Its tariff tax is then the price which it gladly pays for liberties which are a hundredfold more precious than the freedom of buying in the cheapest market. If it can be shown that a nation can be as secure of those liberties without the tax, the argument of course is overthrown. But to show that in the present international situation would not be an easy task.

But however this may be, there can hardly be two opinions among intelligent and patriotic men that the proposed grants of public money to all kinds of projects are merely huge jobs which Congress ought resolutely to withstand.

THE DISPENSING POWER.

The question raised by Senator Ferry's resolution in regard to the authority of the President to issue an Amnesty Proclamation like that of Christmas-day is very important. Is it the constitutional intention of the pardoning power that it shall not only cover a universal jail delivery, but include all persons not even charged with offenses? In other words, is the pardoning power a dispensing power? If the principle upon which the President's act is justified be correct it is not easy to see, as Senator Conkling stated, why the Governor of New York may not make a clean sweep, not only of convicts, but of those criminals who are not yet indicted. Such an interpretation of a power in its nature so limited, and the purpose of which is so obvious, is plainly absurd.

As usual, when the President does a foolish thing, there is a vehement assertion that he is only following the example of President Lincoln. But although President Lincoln did issue a proclamation of amnesty, he did it during war, and as a measure of war. Its object was to weaken the rebellion, but it failed. But when Lee surrendered if President Lincoln, without consulting Congress, had issued an amnesty to every body who had been in rebellion, declaring them restored to every right they had forfeited, releasing them from any legal prosecution, and staying all action of Congress upon the subject, the country would, undoubtedly, have believed that the President meant well; but undoubtedly, also, Congress would not have submitted to be summarily set aside, and would undoubtedly have asserted its authority. The case is more absurd when, as now, Congress has passed laws affecting the condition to which the President assumes to restore the late rebels, and when one of them is under indictment. It is merely an attempt to make "my policy" prevail, so far as possible, by an arbitrary *motu proprio*.

It is the more foolish because Senator Ferry had himself proposed virtual amnesty by Congressional action in the only way in which it is practicable; namely, by removing the disabilities which Congress has imposed. If the President had had only in view the restoration of the rebels, he could surely have awaited an action which, had Congress adopted it, would have brought him into harmony with it before his retirement. Had that action failed he might then have tried his hand at the attempt to do alone what Congress had declared should not be done. But the President has his personal ends and his belligerent spirit to gratify. To declare every late rebel restored to his former condition, with all its privileges, was to make a direct conflict with Congress, which has declared some of them disabled at its pleasure, and this is the course which he has followed.

There can be little doubt, we presume, that the extraordinary authority claimed by the President will be denied by Congress, and that he will be again taught that it is the people of the United States, by their representatives, who are to determine the conditions upon which rebel States and citizens are to be restored to their former relations. It is a lesson which he will refuse to heed, and he will leave the Presidency profoundly persuaded that the people are fools for not letting him have his way. Perhaps in his future retirement, as President Buchanan devoted himself to proving that he was the most patriotic of men, so President Johnson will undertake to show that he was right and every body else wrong.

THE SUPPLY OF FOOD TO GREAT BRITAIN.

The returns of the Board of Trade of the United Kingdom for the first ten months of the year 1868 show that their imports of food of all descriptions amount to over seventy-seven millions of pounds sterling, or, in our currency, over five hundred millions of dollars. This includes articles which are subsequently exported, such as tea, coffee, and spices; but it is probable that for the whole year 1868 the amount named will not be far from the value of what is consumed of imported food. Notwithstanding that such a sum is annually required over and above their home productions of food, to support their population of about thirty-two millions, Mr. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, tells the London Farmers' Club, on the strength of what he calls his residential experience as a farmer, "that Great Britain could profitably feed all her children, without foreign aid, if she thought proper to do so."

Mr. Caird, another authority relied upon by Englishmen, published in March, 1868, a pamphlet on the food supply, in which he shows that in the proportion in which cities increase in England it becomes necessary, in order to furnish them with fresh milk, sweet butter, and other food such as is supplied from daily pasturage, to withdraw land from grain crops, and apply it to dairy purposes. Mr. Caird supposes that 477,000 acres have been changed in this manner since 1850. Mr. Mechi would not only arrest this change, but divert the twenty-five millions of acres (among which are some marshes) now devoted to meadows and pasturage, mainly to cultivation with the plow. In order to accomplish this object he assumes that 44½ millions of acres could be cultivated in the effective manner in which he manages his farm of 170 acres, which would call for an addition to agricultural laborers in the proportion in which he employs them over what is usual. The labor (he says) employed at Tiptree is $16 66 per acre, the labor of the United Kingdom is probably only $5 00 per acre. This would involve the withdrawal of persons from manufactures, and their application to agriculture, on a scale to interfere with manufacturing industry, which is shown to be much more profitable and valuable to the kingdom. If this is so now, what would it be if the former were increased and the latter diminished? No laborers in England are so poorly paid as are the agricultural. Mr. Mechi's scheme, therefore, must be regarded as wholly impracticable, although it will be wise to guard against the effect of such a drought as has lately been suffered throughout the kingdom by providing means of irrigation wherever the supply of running streams and the shape of the land permit; much, however, can not be added to the quantity artificially watered.

Mr. Mechi uses the opportunity of an address to the Farmers' Club to speak twice of this "good season" as applied to wheat, knowing full well that his interesting views would carry this expression to those countries which supply England with what is required to make up for her deficiency of food. Mr. Caird, in the pamphlet referred to, states the cost of wheat consumed in England in 1863 at £40,000,000, of which £6,100,000 was paid for foreign, and that its cost in 1867 was £70,000,000, of which £33,500,000 was paid for foreign. The difference in the foreign importation of £27,400,000 was caused (said Mr. Caird) by a *bad season*—a difference which constitutes a powerful motive for not allowing the foreigner to know the extent of the enormous wants which the drought has occasioned.

The *Saturday Review*, in its 12th of December number, admits that all other crops but wheat are sadly deficient in quantity, and that wheat, which it claims to be excellent in quality, has been exceeded in quantity. This is what we have contended for, with this exception, that spring wheat, which is quite largely sown, was generally defective, and that winter wheat sown on very light soils was frequently plowed in. The *Mark Lane Express* admitted this during the prevalence of the drought, from which the inference is strong that the *quantity* is considerably below the average production; but it is now freely admitted that the extensive loss upon other crops calls for a much larger consumption of wheat than is usual. Much of it is now fed to cattle; but we suspect that the quality of what is thus fed is inferior, for if it were otherwise it would be cheaper to exchange it for Indian corn, which would doubtless be done at a time when the necessity of importing both descriptions of grain is well known. The *Saturday Review* forcibly says that the loss in spring corn, the root crops, and the hay and grass crops deprive them of the means of fattening cattle, although there may be no deficiency of bread, and expresses the fear that potatoes will not keep. This corresponds with what we have claimed at various times, and the question will no doubt arise why there is not a present larger demand for our agricultural productions. The question is one of great importance to our whole country, as we have little to export besides, and our financial condition is such as to call for the best prices we can obtain.

The English market early in July last compares about as follows with that of the early part of this month. No. 2 wheat was then 11*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* per 100 lbs., it is now 10*s.* 3*d.* *Old* Indian corn then 35*s.* to 35*s.* 6*d.*, now 37*s.* 3*d.* per 480 lbs. Oats 3*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 9*d.*, now 3*s.* 6*d.* per bushel. Barley 4*s.* 10*d.* to 5*s.*, now 5*s.* per bushel. Peas 43*s.* to 44*s.*, now 44*s.* 6*d.* per quarter of 8 bushels. Upon the following articles an important advance has taken place, as the price abroad is readily adjusted to the price here. Pork, prime mess, then 72*s.* 6*d.* to 75*s.* per barrel, now 92*s.* 6*d.* Lard 60*s.* 6*d.* to 61*s.*, now 70*s.* per cwt. Cheese 57*s.* to 60*s.* then, now 70*s.* per cwt. Bacon, cut Cumberland, 47*s.* to 48*s.*, now 56*s.* per cwt. Tallow, which is supplied largely from Russia, then 43*s.* to 44*s.*, now 47*s.* 6*d.* per cwt.

It will readily be seen by those who have paid attention to our articles, that we owe the ability to maintain this advance to the immediate and powerful effect of the drought upon the twenty-five millions of acres in the kingdom devoted to meadows and pasturage. The grain question stands upon a different footing; but the time will soon arrive when the views we have presented heretofore with respect to it will generally prevail.

In grain, and particularly wheat, we have to meet with universal competition; and while the impression has been studiously spread over the world that the last was a "good season" in England, their ships have left no market unexplored which accepted that belief. As many as 400 to 500 vessels laden with grain were announced at one time as on their way to the English market. Our own press, with one or two exceptions, have not supported the opinion that our farmers should not sacrifice their crops while this foreign competition was most active, and in advance of the consumption in England of the crop harvested in July.

Some compensations to the consumers of food attend the severest droughts. More beef and sheep have been slaughtered there since it became apparent that they could not be wintered than ever before. Potatoes have been consumed more freely than usual, because the first growth sprouted, and the second came only to such partial maturity as to create the fear that they would not keep. These have had their immediate effect, with the certainty that their ultimate effect will prolong the difficulty. The drought there in 1800 doubled the price of wheat for two consecutive years, but the arrangements for importing from foreign countries had not then been made; and this effect would be avoided if foreign countries were now capable of furnishing a full supply from overloaded granaries. Mr. CAIRD, in March, 1868, admitted that the old crop in England was then exhausted, and that the crop of 1867 was so far below an average as to call for an excess of importation of wheat over that of a good season to the value of £27,400,000. As the drought of 1868 commenced early in April and was not broken till the 12th of August, to be subsequently renewed, it is certain that a much larger deficiency in 1868, upon the whole food production, occurred than in 1867.

It is stated by Mr. CAIRD as one of the misfortunes of a drought that it ordinarily laps over upon the Continent, and turns into competitors those who in ordinary years are relied upon for supplies. The returns made by France for the first six months of 1868 show an excess in French importations of wheat of nearly fifty millions of dollars over that of the previous year. These returns explain the order which appeared before they were promulgated opening French ports to importations of wheat free of tonnage duty. Spain issued a similar order. The fields of important parts of Russia, last summer, were run over with extensive fires which swept through forests at the time of the prevalence of the drought in England. A Lyons paper stated that the grape in some districts of France, grown on light soils, had been "roasted," and as the vine is deeply rooted it may be inferred that pastures were much injured.

Mr. CAIRD's opinion is thus sustained, and hence France and Spain appear in the markets of the world as competitors with the English for food. Both will draw their supplies first from the countries which border on the Mediterranean and the waters which fall into that sea.

The harvest in England gathered in July, and her incessant importations from those who undersell us, continue to stave off the fall demand which we alone can ultimately supply. If we allow ourselves to be drained of our excess of food at low prices, consumers here will be obliged to pay for it at advanced rates, and we may not enter upon the harvest of 1869 with the advantage that we shall derive from having the old crop to call upon while the new is being sufficiently hardened for safe transportation and economical use.

The high prices of last year brought out nearly the whole of our surplus stock, and it has been consumed. Two powerful motives now call on us to hoard enough of our present crop to place us in a position of safety and strength. We should have it on hand for our own wants as a provision to meet the contingencies of the next harvest, and to supply at remunerative prices those manufacturing nations which gorge us with their fineries at high values, and fail in no efforts to obtain our productions at less than their cost. Our substantial farming interest is alone capable of securing this advantage for our country.

CRETE.

IF, as the telegraph announces, Crete has yielded, she has not relinquished her purpose. The unhappiest sign is that the meeting here to express sympathy for the struggling Cretans has excited a certain kind of censure. Here is an island, five thousand miles away, peopled by Greeks and ruled by Turks. It has never ceased, and no Greek population so ruled ever did cease, to protest against the tyranny that oppresses it. The country is not only despotically governed by aliens in race, but aliens in religious faith. Now the differences of religion are fierce and final. The Greeks may be of a very poor kind of Christian, in our judgment—they may be very ignorant, indolent, knavish, semi-barbarous—but it is in just such a people, where religion degenerates into superstition, that fierce differences become fiercer and religious quarrels more bitter. What a Turkish government, following a conquest of "infidels," is, we all know. How much security, how much peaceful industry, how much justice, how much enjoyment of common rights is possible under it, needs not to be argued. The Turkish rule of a conquered people is merely a heel and a sword-point; and they are not bound to submit a single moment beyond that when hope and despair together rouse their arm to strike back for freedom.

The Cretan struggle is a fight for liberty; it is a claim for justice, and those only will sneer at it who are fit to be slaves. That it is not a hopeless fight is shown by the fact that Turkey has striven in vain for three years to regain the island, and that Europe is now meeting to decide what shall be done. And then somebody asks, what business is it of ours? Liberty is every where every man's business. If he is passing through the street and sees one man assaulting another—it is not his quarrel, probably—he may pass quietly by upon the other side. If assassins attack Mr. ROGERS at his own door, let ROGERS and the ruffians fight it out, quoth the spirit of this question. Am I my brother's keeper? asked the astute Cain. The same question that is asked of Crete used to be asked, and by the same people, about slavery in this country. "Injustice, inhumanity, unspeakable wrong and crime," exclaimed the same critics. "Good Heavens! what have we to do with it? Let South Carolina and Mississippi mind their own affairs." It was in vain to show that the consequences of injustice did not stop at State lines; that wrong would not stay upon one bank of a river, and that malaria and small-pox would not respect county limits. "My neighbor's plague is not my business," said something that really supposed itself to be practical good sense, until its neighbor's plague laid hold of it, and then it discovered that men are brethren in a very positive sense.

It is the business of every man, and of every nation, to sympathize with those who are struggling for liberty—and if for no other reason than because it is now demonstrated that there will be no end of such struggles until liberty is secured. Crete has protested. She has made representations of her wrongs. Three times before she has resisted with arms. This time she made a peaceful appeal, and Turkey answered with the sword. Crete has satisfied the conditions of an armed rising, and she has earned the right to appeal to all lovers of justice and liberty in the world for individual sympathy and aid. To turn a deaf ear or a sneering lip at Crete is to sharpen the sword of Turkey and to become an accomplice in the murder of a people. Crete asks only for our sympathy and help in procuring arms and food. She hopes, of course, that, when she has shown her purpose and her power, other states will recognize her independence, as France and Spain did that of the thirteen colonies, and as England did that of the South American republics.

Let the great deed of Canea plead with us for Crete as that at Thermopylæ still glorifies old Greece. Six hundred Cretans were besieged in the old convent at Canea by ten thousand Turks. When the enemy burst through the outer wall the battle was fought hand to hand for six hours in the court-yard. Then, when it could be continued no longer, the Cretans who remained applied the match to the magazine, and three thousand of the foe died with them. The spirit that smiled at Andersonville for another, but a similar reason, will sneer at Crete.

BRIGHT AND GLADSTONE.

MR. BRIGHT, upon his re-election at Birmingham after accepting office, made a speech to his constituents, which is a model of such discourses, and which is very characteristic for its simplicity and frankness. He states that Mr. GLADSTONE consulted him at once, and offered him as high a position as any Minister was to have, but that he finally accepted the Presidency of the Board of Trade, as an office in which he might do a little good and prevent some harm. He says that he believes the time has come in which a man may be an honest Minister of the Crown and an honest servant of the people; but that as a Minister he must ask a lenient judgment of his old friends. To advance the general purposes of the Government there must be harmony in the cabinet. To secure harmony there must be concession. Therefore, says Mr. BRIGHT, if you sometimes see me voting a little differently from formerly, don't think that I have changed my views, but that my vote has relation to time and opportunity, and not to principle; and understand that my views remain unchanged until I tell you that I have changed my views.

He reminds his hearers that Parliaments do not move rapidly unless they are supported by public opinion; that the pressure upon every government for every kind of extravagance is constant and enormous; and that it must have, therefore, the sympathy and confidence of the people. For himself he declares that to take office is a position of peril, but that he has been compelled into it by the wishes of a very large part of the Liberal party. He tells simply the beautiful story of the Shunamite woman, and that, when he was asked to take office, his heart answered with hers, "I dwell among mine own people." If, however, he should find it impossible to harmonize the two positions of faithful Minister and faithful representative, he hopes that he shall be able to discover which he ought to relinquish.

Mr. GLADSTONE also made a speech under similar circumstances at Greenwich, in which he agreed with his colleague that questions must be considered in their order, and that the first question is that which was most prominent in the canvass, the Irish disestablishment. Mr. GLADSTONE's government has one signal advantage over Mr. DISRAELI's, to begin with, and that is sincerity of faith in its two leaders. The Tory Ministry, as Mr. BRIGHT truly says, was a fraud. It lived through the session of 1867 by doing what in the preceding session it had declared to be destructive of the Constitution and the Monarchy. Nobody believed that Mr. DISRAELI was a friend of electoral reform. But he was not an honest enemy, as Mr. LOWE was. In this country we used to call our most wretched kind of politician a Northern man with Southern principles. Mr. DISRAELI was a Tory with a Liberal policy. But he proposed it for two reasons: One was that he was sure the country wanted it, and the other was that he thought he could control it. This, however, did not help his false position. In bringing forward his enlarged suffrage he was insincere in precisely the same way that the Democratic Senators were who tried to include women in the bill giving suffrage to the colored citizens of the District of Columbia. They did not wish women to vote, but they hoped the proposition would prevent the new citizens from voting. Mr. DISRAELI did not wish to extend the suffrage; but since he could not help that he would try to prevent its good results.

While this consciousness of political honesty upon the part of the leaders is a great moral advantage to the new Ministry, its large patrician Whig element has undoubtedly disappointed many Liberals. The political convictions of England are very advanced. Its political thinkers are heroic, and their tongues and pens are free. Moreover, the social and industrial condition of the country is such that very rapid changes are necessary to avoid a catastrophe. The Whigs, as such, are no longer the leaders of liberal sentiment. They are often its most brilliant and trenchant adversaries. Now the sentiment, beneath the Irish Church reform, which has elected Mr. GLADSTONE is not only progress, but rapid progress. It will require him not to be frightened at any thing; above all, to accept every truly legitimate Liberal movement, however startling, as the logical result of the situation, and to deal with it as MACAULAY says the Roman Church deals with fanaticism, by embracing it and guiding it, not by resisting it. If he can succeed in doing this he will rank with the great English Ministers; and if any body could help him to do it it is his President of the Board of Trade.

MY LOVERS TWAIN.

MY lovers twain—my lovers twain,
  I pray you let me be!
To wed you both I would be fain,
  Only that may not be.

One lover is like music sweet,
  That steals my heart away;
And one is like the trumpet-blast,
  Which calls me to the fray.

One is of gentle, courteous mind,
  To low and high degree;
And one is stern and harsh of mood,
  And melteth but to me.

One is so strangely lovable,
  That but to touch his hand
Do women kneel—before the one
  Do men uncovered stand.

And if I this one do not wed,
  He never wife will seek:
And if that one I do not wed,
  He sorroweth a week.

My lovers twain—my lovers twain,
  Ye should have let me be:
I love the one with all my heart—
  The other loveth me.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 5:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted asking the President to show by what authority he issued his late Amnesty Proclamation.

January 6:

In the Senate, the bill providing for an air-line railroad from Washington to New York was taken up, and Mr. Sherman made a lengthy argument in its favor.

In the House, the Committee on Appropriations reported the bill making appropriations for the Navy for the year ending June 30, 1870. It appropriates $15,272,672, or $2,001,578 less than the amount required for the current year. The House went into Committee of the Whole, and took up the Pension Appropriation bill, which appropriates $13,250,000. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, Chairman of the Appropriation Committee, made a lengthy speech, reviewing the financial condition of the country and indicating some places where retrenchment might be made. The bill was reported to the House and passed. The Secretary of the Treasury was directed to furnish a statement of the sales of gold by the Treasury since January 1, 1863.

January 7:

In the Senate, Mr. Edmunds's bill to prevent military officers from holding civil positions was taken up and debated at some length.

January 8:

In the House, $271,568 was appropriated for the maintenance of the West Point Military Academy.

General Lovell H. Rousseau, of the United States army, died in New Orleans on the night of January 7.

John Minor Botts, of Virginia, died on the 8th of January.

The terms of twenty-two United States Senators expire with March 4 next. Of the vacancies, Senators have already been chosen to eight. In California Eugene Casserly, Democrat, has been elected in place of John Conness, Republican. In Connecticut W. A. Buckingham has been elected to fill Dixon's place. The Democratic Legislature of Maryland has elected W. T. Hamilton, vice W. P. Whyte. In Florida Abijah Gilbert has been chosen in place of E. S. Welch. A Democrat—Allen G. Thurman—will succeed Benjaman F. Wade, of Ohio. William Sprague, of Rhode Island, has been elected. Tennessee chooses W. G. Brownlow in place of D. T. Patterson. George F. Edmunds has been elected by Vermont.

A most appalling accident occurred at Rochester, New York, on the night of January 6, at the school-house of St. Peter and St. Paul's Church on Maple Street. An Epiphany festival and concert was being held for the benefit of the school, and a portion of the second-floor, about twenty-five feet in length by forty in width, fell with a crash to the floor beneath, precipitating its load of human freight into one mass with the broken joists and beams. It was estimated that there were 1500 people in the assemblage. Eight persons were killed outright.

From May 25 to October 31, 1868, 291 fires occurred in New York city; of the buildings damaged or destroyed 264 were brick and 82 frame. In 202 fires the loss amounted to less than $500 each, and in three instances only the loss was upward of $100,000. The smallest loss during any one month was in July—$178,550, and the largest in October—$360,632. The total loss amounts to $1,478,874, and the total insurance to $2,707,976.

The New York Legislature assembled January 5. Truman G. Younglove was elected Speaker of the Assembly.

The Republicans of New Hampshire have nominated the Hon. Onslow Stearns for Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Turko-Greek conference met at Paris on January 9. A conciliatory disposition was manifested by the Turkish and Greek representatives, and a peaceful settlement was confidently expected.

The press of London generally approve of the treaty between China and England, recently concluded by Lord Clarendon and Mr. Burlingame.

In England, since the beginning of 1866, more than 600 men and boys have been killed by colliery explosions.

The British ship *Southern Empire*, Captain Dunlap, is reported to have been lost at sea on the 30th of December. She foundered in a heavy gale, and all her crew was lost. She was *en route* from New Orleans to Liverpool with a cargo of cotton.

Telegraphic reports have been received from Alexandria of an earthquake at and in the neighborhood of Tabreez (a Persian city of about 60,000 people) on January 3. Though the shocks were described as very violent, no serious disaster or loss of life is so far known to have been caused by the phenomenon.

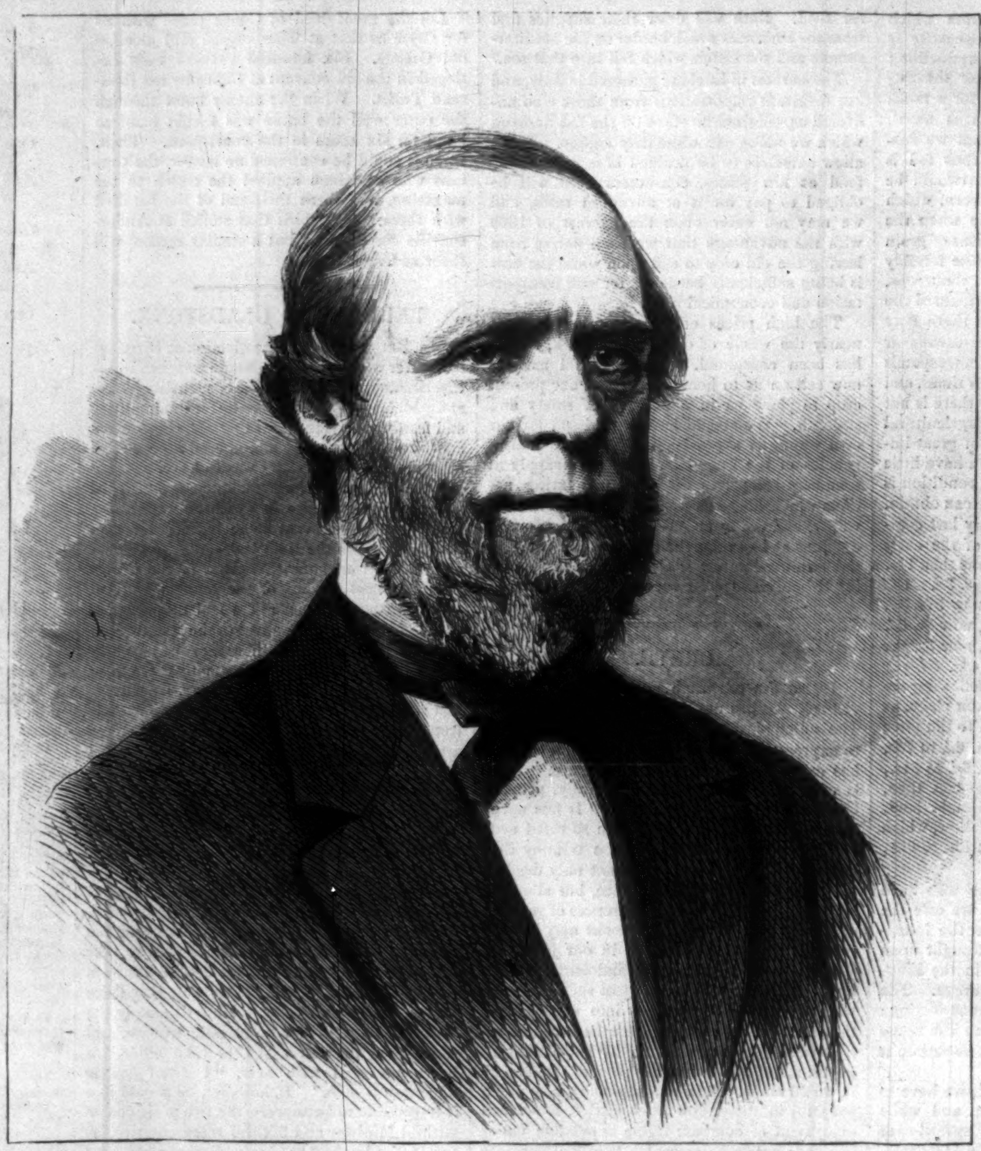
A terrible earthquake was experienced at Colima, Mexico, on the morning of December 20. The volcano of Colimo, thirty miles from the city, had been in a state of eruption for several days, causing a rumbling and shaking of the earth for many miles around. On the 20th, at Colima, the earthquake commenced by gentle rockings, which increased in violence gradually, throwing down numerous buildings, and doing great damage to property generally. Several persons were killed by falling walls. In the country the shock was still more severe. The earth opened, water-courses were changed, hills were leveled, and there was a general upheaval. The Cathedral of Manzanillo was shaken to its foundations, and hotels and dwellings were entirely demolished. Fifteen or twenty persons were killed in Manzanillo by the falling of the walls of a hotel and a storehouse.

In Cuba the revolutionists have decreed the abolition of slavery within their lines. It is considered by the Spaniards as an indication of desperation on the part of the rebels, and a confession of the weakness of their cause.

GOVERNOR CLAFLIN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HON. WILLIAM CLAFLIN is the first Governor of Massachusetts elected from the manufacturing classes. He is one of the largest manufacturers of boots, shoes, and leather in New England, and is also extensively engaged in the trade, having houses in St. Louis as well as Boston; and every department of his business feels the force of his organizing and controlling mind, and is conducted with energy, sagacity, and success. But his business, vast as it is, does not engross all, or the chief portion, of his time. He has been active in politics for a score of years. His sagacity soon made him a prominent member of his party, the management of which, in the chairmanship of the State Central Committee, has long been intrusted to him. He has also been a member of the National Committee for many years, and last year was elected to its chairmanship. He has served long in the counsels of the State, as Representative, as President of the Senate, and as Lieutenant-Governor. He is one of the most advanced school of Republicans, believing in his heart the doctrine of true democracy—the equality and fraternity of all men. He is strictly temperate, never touching or supplying the social glass, and also believes in the right and duty of prohibition, without agreeing with the extremists upon this vexed question. He is a member of the Methodist Church, having united with it in St. Louis in 1843. His charities, both public and private, have been unostentatious, but numerous and large. Other denominations also receive of his bounty; and all general charities find in him a most generous supporter. He is fifty years of age, having been born in Milford, Massachusetts, March 6, 1818, but is in the prime and vigor of his days, and promises to achieve a brilliant future. Mr. **CLAFLIN** is a gentleman of quiet, agreeable manners, unassuming and undemonstrative. He will bear worthily every honor and discharge faithfully every duty of his office.

The people of Massachusetts, for only the fourth time in the history of the State, have elevated the Lieutenant-Governor to the Governorship. This departure from a rule which had become traditional is due to Governor **CLAFLIN**'s rare qualities of integrity, unselfish devotion to Massachusetts ideas, to his remarkable business capacities, clear judgment, and sound common-sense.



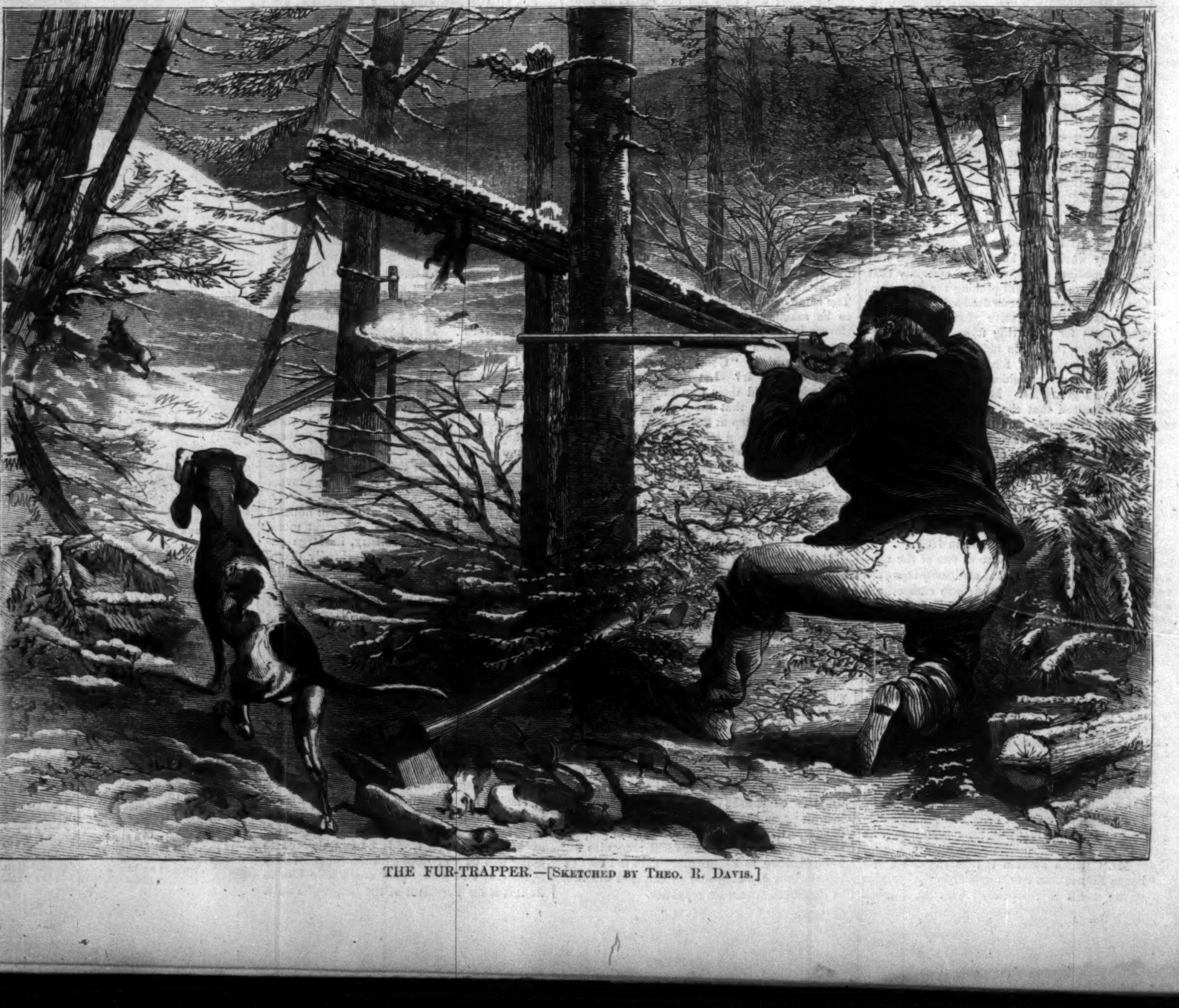
HON. WILLIAM CLAFLIN, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[PHOT. BY WHIPPLE.]

FUR-TRAPPING.

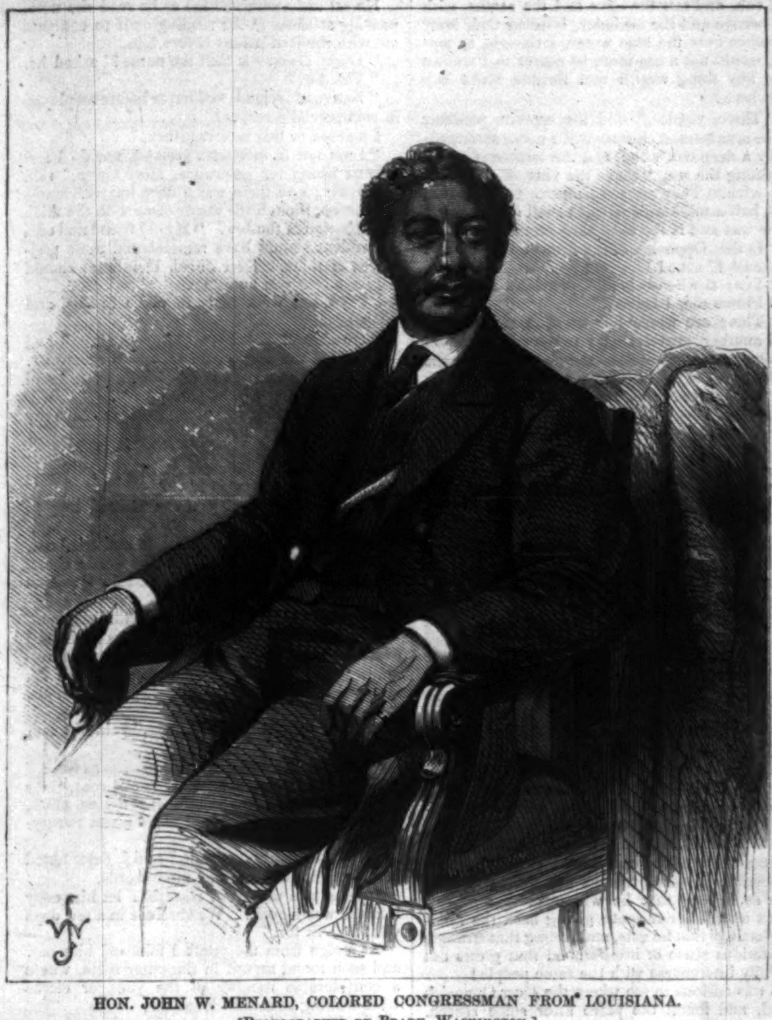
"YES," said **MAX**; "there's the very log what Mr. Lynx was sharpening his claws on when I dropped my duffel, such as traps and pelts, and onhitched for him, and got his pelt to help make my pack heavy. Some folks call him 'Luservous' (Luszis). He served me some mean tricks before we made close acquaintance; that is, I used to catch minks and 'saples' [**MAX** persists in designating the pine-marten as 'saple'], an' the like. Fact! The cuss cost me the biggest sort of a board-bill. As I was saying, I caught minks and the rest, and he went over my trap-line and eat up nigh onto fifty dollars' worth of fur for me before I came to look at him over the rifle sights."

MAX TREADO is one of the best trappers in the Northern New York Wilderness. Two months' winter trapping in that region has before now brought him in over two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of bear, otter, sable, mink, fisher, and other skins. His trap-lines are mostly located on the very head waters of the Hudson River—the brooks which hurry noisily down the sides of Tahaw-us, San-an-no-ni, Coldan, M'Intire, Logan, and others of the highest peaks of the Adirondack range. Many of these are constructed of saplings, as is that shown in the sketch, with the sable dangling therefrom. Others are built of logs and large chips chopped from convenient trees. "Twitch-ups," made by means of a pliant sapling and simple trigger, are set at intervals along the line to catch the rabbits and partridges to be used as bait.

"The sable-spring," or trigger, is the simplest trap known. It is arranged as shown in the sketch. Then one of the saplings is raised, and the little upright stick is put in to keep it up. The lower end of the upright is sharpened to a point, and rests on a spindle about six inches long. On the end of the spindle you put the bait, and the sable, in using the spindle to crawl out on after his lunch, quickly finds weighty affairs on his



THE FUR-TRAPPER.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]


HON. JOHN W. MENARD, COLORED CONGRESSMAN FROM LOUISIANA.
[Photographed by Brady, Washington.]

shoulders; for down comes the top sapling, which, Max says, "keeps him in position for either himself, some lynx, or a fisher to take up—depending on which one comes along first."

The spring of the "twitch-up" is also quite simple, consisting of a small fork of wood driven firmly into the earth, a trigger-stick to hold the bait, and the little bit of wood which holds the string, one end of which is fastened to the sapling, and the other formed into a noose that is kept in proper shape and position by means of a number of small pegs driven into the ground to form a circle of about the size of the noose desired.

THE HON. JOHN W. MENARD.

The Hon. John W. Menard, whose portrait we publish on this page, was recently elected to Congress from Louisiana. He was elected to fill the place of Mr. Mann, deceased, whose seat was contested. No decision in regard to the qualifications of Mr. Menard has yet been given by the Committee on Elections. For this reason Mr. Menard's name is at present not included in the list of Congressmen in the *Congressional Globe.* He is the first colored man ever elected to Congress; his success is due to his fidelity to the principles of the party which elected him.

Mr. Menard is a native of Randolph County, Illinois, in which State he spent much of his life on a farm. He received his education at Iberia College, in Ohio, which he entered in 1859. He has devoted himself with great zeal to the interests of his race, and at one time was a clerk in the department of Emigration. At the close of the war he went to Louisiana, where by his speeches and his writings he has contributed largely to the organization and success of his party among the colored voters.

LOAF THE BOOTBLACK.

"Shine 'em up? On'y five cents!"

This was Loaf the bootblack.

He was nicknamed "Loaf" by his friends because he was the hardest working, toughest little bootblack known to the fraternity. The "On'y five cents!" was a call for trade, and not by any means intended to be taken in a literal sense; and most of Loaf's customers saw it in that light, especially when aided by the miraculous polish which the boy invariably brought to the surface of the most disheartening clodhoppers; and few ever refused the "tenner," or asked change.

Loaf's legitimate appellation was Clem (short for Clement) Brown.

His mother was an American woman, whose husband had gone the way of many other good Americans in his national pride of country, as exemplified by his fondness for the national beverage, *Bourbon!*

The senior Brown, who had been a handsome, meritorious, and successful barkeeper, had discovered Annie Carter, the daughter of a wealthy man in a retired country village, Malden by name, and in the guise of a "young man about town"—"town" being supposed to represent the metropolitan city of New York—had wooed and won that rustic maiden, with the hope of setting up a bar, billiard-room, and bowling-alley himself, as near to Broadway as might be, on the elder Carter's money.

But, unhappily for these dreams of future bliss, the elder Carter, having discovered the character of the youthful Brown's calling, and thereupon refused his consent to the match, had, on discovering that the matrimonial plan had been completed, presented his daughter with twenty-five dollars, and a repetition of an ancient proverb referring to the chamber-maid's art, and beginning, "as you make your bed"—had thereupon announced his intention of having nothing further to do with the happy pair; and, contrary to the usual custom in light literature, had steadily held to his promise.

The disappointed dram-distributor, taking these unexpected alterations in his programme to heart, had devoted himself too earnestly to his profession, and had eventually died, leaving behind him a widow, too proud to return to the father who had cut her off, the son above-mentioned, and two more youthful Browns, who have no special position in this story.

As Mrs. Brown was, unfortunately, not in the enjoyment of robust health, she was able to do but little toward the support of her family, and that little she did with her needle—a laborious but not remarkably lucrative employment. Consequently it fell to happen (as the French say) that the chief income of this branch of the Brown family was derived from the daily labor of the aforesaid Loaf or Clem Brown, a youth of about twelve years of age.

Now Loaf, besides the education which he had obtained from the university of the streets, had also derived some benefit from his attendance for a few years at the public schools; and being a sharp boy and quick to learn, was not by any means as ignorant as might be supposed. Evening-school had in winter received some of his attention, and he could "read, write, and cipher," knew a little about geography and history, and a good deal about other things that boys of his age might perhaps be better off without knowing. He was, however, not a bad boy, either naturally or by association; possessed a very American independent spirit; and was, after all, a type of a species that exists in our large cities to a more general extent than is usually imagined.

His independent spirit had kept him out of the "Bootblacks' Union," with all its attendant benefits; yet, though he insisted on "going it alone," he was quite a favorite with that guild of young professionals, since he never interfered with their "beats," was generous and good-natured, and a capital hand at the "national game," when business was slack—never otherwise.

His portrait, if painted by Eastman Johnson, would probably look something like this: A corner of a street (say Broadway and Eighth Street); time about seven o'clock of a snowy evening in December; leaning against a railing, a stout, stunted boy in woolen jacket and pants (patched); thick shoes with the toes kicked out; a greasy cap on one side of a curly head, with a broken visor hanging over a round, blue-eyed, freckled face. Hands in pockets; one leg drawn up, from cold; and by his side the little box and foot-rest, insignia of his trade. The snow showering down in feathery lightness all over him; carriages and omnibuses driving briskly up and down; lights shining brilliantly in the shop-windows, and wayfarers tramping hurriedly up and down—this latter part would be the part of the picture not shown, but experienced on the evening concerning which I have to relate. This picture, cabinet-size, by Eastman Johnson, as aforesaid, would attract attention at the Academy of Design; the original attracted none from the passers-by.

Until, half an hour later in the evening, a handsome coupé drove rapidly up to the curbstone, and, just as the melancholy sound of "Shine 'em up? on'y five cents!" died away in the snow-storm for perhaps the hundred and fiftieth time that evening, the door of the carriage was opened, and a light-colored kid glove beckoned to the boy. The owner of the light-colored kid glove placed his foot on the foot-rest, just inside the coupé, and Loaf proceeded to "shine 'em up," according to promise.

The boot was a small and very elegant specimen of the article, and the wearer was a young man, fashionably dressed, embellished with a heavy black mustache, and wearing a black soft hat. As the boy proceeded with his task, in his most masterly manner, the young man kept his eyes fixed upon him, and seemed to be turning some idea over in his brain. As he changed the polished boot for the other, in answer to the tap on the sole customary with the fraternity, the boy looked up, and observed that he was being looked at, and also that the eyes performing that mission were very black and very brilliant; then he commenced operations with the second boot. As he concluded his work, put up his brushes in a methodical manner, and arose, the young man said to him, "Boy, would you like to earn half a dollar?"

The boy signified that he had no objection to earning any number of half dollars.

"Can you read writing?"

The boy could read writing.

"Take this note to where it is directed, and wait for an answer! Come back here and meet me in half an hour. Go!"

The boy took the note, slung his box over his shoulder, gave a glance at the superscription by the light of the gas-light, and started on a run. The carriage-door was closed and the carriage rapidly driven up Broadway.

Mrs. Brown lived on the third-floor of a tenement-house in a little court leading out of University Place; and as the superscription of the note led Loaf in that direction, he took the opportunity to leave his box with his mother, as he knew the half hour would give him ample time to do the errand and return. Now the room next to Mrs. Brown's was occupied, for the time being, and for special reasons, by one of the shrewdest and most successful members of the New York corps of detectives. It may be remarked here that one of the special reasons that influenced this minion of the law, for he was well-to-do, and owned a house, was nothing more nor less than a hankering after the widow Brown herself, for she was a young woman, comely withal, and the detective was a good-looking bachelor of forty, with, if report spoke truly, no objection to exercising his vocation in discovering a suitable helpmate. So it happened that when Loaf entered his mother's room he found, as he had frequently found before, Mr. Garth, the detective, cozily seated by the widow's cooking-stove, enjoying at once the pleasing warmth of that useful culinary utensil and the not less pleasing, though perhaps less warm, conversation of Mrs. Brown.

Loaf dashed in in a hurry, threw his box in a corner, shouted "I've got a job, mother!" and was rushing out again without further words, when the note, which he had placed in his jacket-pocket, accidentally fell upon the floor and was picked up by Mr. Garth, who, following his natural and professional impulse, read the superscription. "Hullo, Loaf!" said he, starting up energetically; "where did you get this?"

His manner exhibited so much surprise, and his tone was so decided, that, time being short, Loaf answered him at once, in place of "running" him a little, as he otherwise would have done. "A gentleman gave it to me to take for him, and I am to meet him in half an hour."

"Where?"

"Corner of Eighth Street and Broadway."

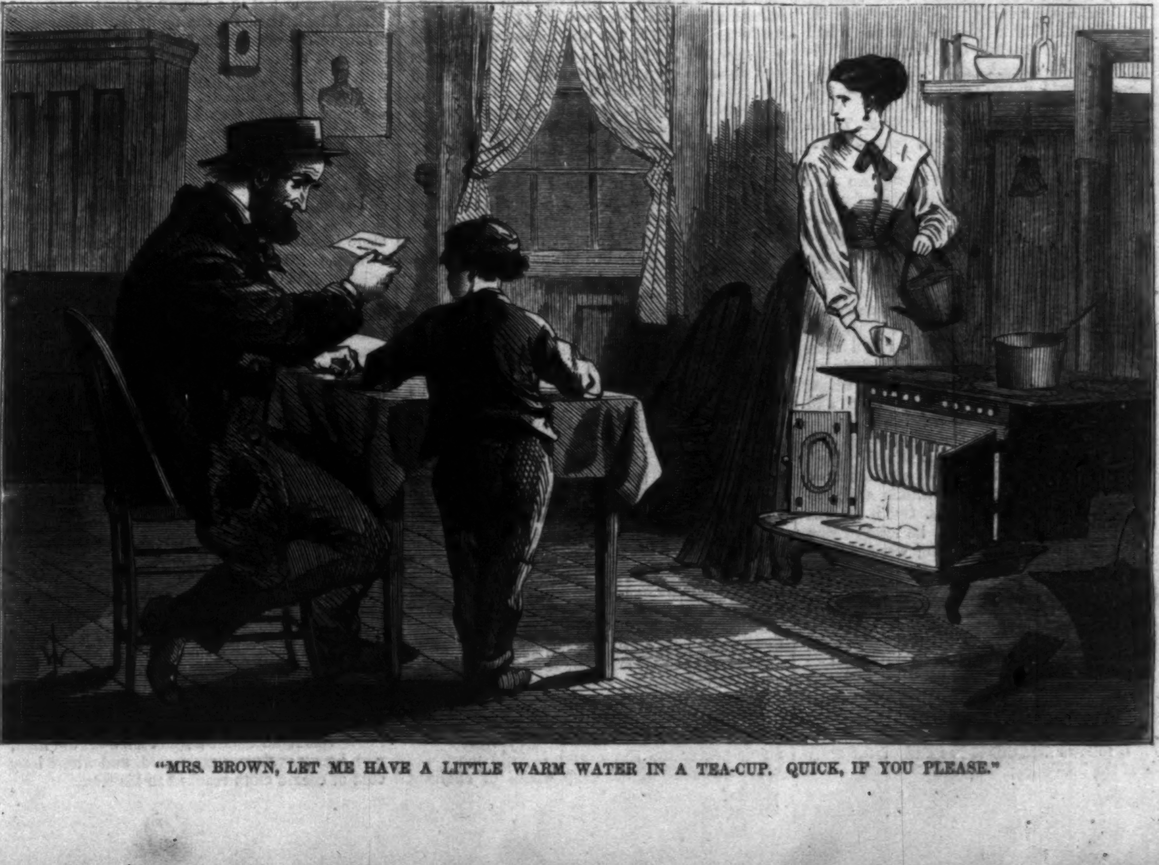
"Mrs. Brown, let me have a little warm water in a tea-cup. Quick, if you please."

Mrs. Brown at once filled a cup from the tea-kettle, and placed it on the table; when, what was the surprise of widow and son to see Mr. Garth quietly moisten the adhering side of the envelope with the warm water, and then, as quietly open the same, extract the note contained therein, and read it carefully through. Having done this, he reinclosed the note in the envelope, closed the latter, and holding it before the stove for a moment to dry, laid it upon the table, to all appearance the same as before this curious epistolary burglary had taken place. Then he rose, put on his over-coat, and saying to the astonished Loaf, "Come along with me," the two went out, leaving Mrs. Brown in a highly bewildered and deranged frame of mind.

As this lady had, however, the most unquestioning confidence in Mr. Garth; and, moreover, had her own very feminine reasons for not wishing to distrust him in any particular, she presently sat down again and tranquilly resumed her sewing.

Mr. Garth hurried down the stairs and out into the court, with Loaf following closely behind him. Loaf's ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were more rigid than those of the average bootblack; but looking upon Mr. Garth as the authorized personification of the majesty of law, he tried to reconcile his conflicting ideas, and said nothing.

Mr. Garth walked briskly down University


"MRS. BROWN, LET ME HAVE A LITTLE WARM WATER IN A TEA-CUP. QUICK, IF YOU PLEASE."

Place to Tenth Street, and down Tenth Street to the police-station there located, and, desiring Loaf to wait at the door, entered. Presently he came out followed by two men in plain clothes, and the four started rapidly in the direction of Broadway. Arrived at the corner of Eighth Street, Mr. Garth and his two friends ensconced themselves in a doorway out of sight, while Loaf, under the direction of his superior officer, placed himself by a shop-window, having a piece of paper, with which he had been provided by the detective, in his hand. Presently the elegant coupé rattled up to the curbstone, and Loaf sprang forward as the carriage-door opened, apparently to hand the note to the young man whose head was leaning out of the carriage; by some accident, however, Loaf dropped the note, and as he was engaged in searching for it in the snow, the attention of the young man in the carriage being closely directed to his movements, the two companions of Mr. Garth stole silently round, and suddenly pounced upon the gentleman in the carriage, dragged him therefrom ignominiously, and as he struggled and remonstrated in a very violent manner Mr. Garth himself laid a heavy hand on his shoulder, whispered something in his ear, and in less time than it takes to write the circumstances that crest-fallen young gentleman was again seated in his carriage, with one of the individuals in plain clothes by his side; the other individual in plain clothes had mounted the box by the side of the driver; the horses were turned down Eighth Street; the small crowd which had collected dispersed as wise as they came; and Mr. Garth, with Loaf, now thoroughly dumfounded, trotting along by his side, walked briskly westward.

As they went on Mr. Garth kindly consented to satisfy Loaf's evident, if unspoken, curiosity, and proceeded to communicate with him in the following language:

"Loaf, you've done a big thing to-night. Do you know who your friend in the coupé is?"

Loaf expressed his entire ignorance of every thing concerning the individual, except that he had lost half a dollar by having his errand interfered with. He said this in a very lugubrious tone, but with a twinkle in his up-turned eyes, for Loaf was cunning enough to see that he would not lose by the turn of events.

Mr. Garth laughed a dry sort of laugh, and continued: "That chap is the latest and smartest importation from London. He is the cutest and most successful burglar I ever knew of, and we have been looking after him for a month, with nothing but a bit of his writing to identify him. He writes a mighty queer stick when he's off his guard, or writing to his pals; but he's an accomplished forger, and can do any thing with a pen that that useful but rather dangerous instrument is capable of. My memory is good, and I knew his hand the moment I laid my eyes on it on the back of that note; and the note itself settled his case. It was risky, certain; but the game was worth the risk, so I took it. After all the risk wasn't much, for I know your mother and you are all right; but still, I wouldn't have liked to open the wrong man's letter."

"What has he been doing? What have you got him for?" said Loaf.

"Half a dozen things on suspicion and one sure thing, which he was fool enough to write about in that note. Three weeks ago he went up to a little town in the northern part of this State—Malden, I believe it's called—and broke into the house of the richest man in the place; robbed him of about a hundred thousand dollars in bonds, bank-notes, and plate. Carter was the old chap's name—" "Carter!" suddenly ejaculated Loaf. "Why, that's my grandfather's name—mother's father—and Malden is where he lives; I've heard her say so." By this time they had got to the corner of Sixth Avenue; and as Loaf said these words Mr. Garth stopped, caught the boy by his collar, and turned his face so that the light from the bakery shone full upon it. He looked at him for about half a minute, and then gave a very long and very loud whistle, which caused a policeman passing to turn round, who, seeing Mr. Garth, nodded familiarly and went his way. Then Mr. Garth made the following prophetic remark in a very sententious manner: "Loaf! if you are not mistaken, and I guess you're right, you're a made man." With which saying they crossed over to West Tenth Street and together entered the police court-room.

Loaf was not mistaken; and when, two days after, Mr. Carter, who was telegraphed for, arrived in New York and was informed of the circumstances attending the capture of the burglar; when, moreover, he learned that the restoration of his property, which followed, was owing accidentally to his own grandson; when, also, he discovered—for he was in utter ignorance of the fact that his objectionable son-in-law was no more of this world—for Mrs. Brown had been too proud to communicate the melancholy tidings to her long-ago repentant father; when, finally, he met that pale but industrious and hopeful widow, the paternal heart warmed so freely toward her, her two junior offspring, and specially toward the happy cause of this happy meeting, that the paternal pocket could not do enough to show his affection, gratitude, and general benevolence. Toward Mr. Garth he was particularly friendly; and when he learned that the wily detective was becoming weary of his arduous profession and pined for rest and a country-life, and was made aware also that Mr. Garth was moderately provided with this world's goods, he hesitated not to invite him to accompany himself, daughter, and grandchildren on a visit to the paternal homestead at Malden; and as Mr. Garth accepted the invitation, and was known no more of the metropolis, and as Mrs. Brown not many months later put off her mourning apparel and began to spell her name with a "G," it follows that this is the end of the story of Loaf the bootblack.

IF.

OH! silver moon a-shining,
If I were you in the sky,
I know in whose dainty chamber
At night my beams should lie.

If I were the ocean rolling,
I'd change my dismal roar,
And murmur ever so softly
When SHE walked on the shore.

Oh! pretty flower a-growing,
If I were only you,
I'd long to die on the bosom
Of her I love so true.

If I were the summer breezes,
All through the livelong day
I'd kiss her lips and her forehead,
And she would not say me nay.

But as long as I am not either
Moon, ocean, flower, or breeze,
I shall have to sue in the usual way,
Upon my bended knees!

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIUME.

"I SAW a young fellow, so like that boy of Norcott's, in a third-class carriage," I overheard a traveler say to his companion, as we stopped to sup at Gratz.

"He'll have scarcely come to that, I fancy," said the other, "though Norcott must have run through nearly every thing by this time."

It was about the last time I was to hear myself called in this fashion. They who were to know me thenceforward were to know me by another name, and in a rank that had no traditions; and I own I accepted this humble fortune with a more contented spirit and with less chagrin than it cost me to hear myself spoken of in this half-contemptuous fashion.

I was now very plainly, simply dressed. I made no display of studs or watch-chain; I even gave up the ring I used to wear, and took care that my gloves—in which I once was almost puppyish—should be the commonest and the cheapest.

If there was something that at moments fell very heavily on my heart in the utter destitution of my lot, there was, on the other hand, what nerved my heart and stimulated me in the thought that there was some heroism in what I was doing. I was, so to say, about to seek my fortune; and what to a young mind could be more full of interest and anticipation than such a thought? To be entirely self-dependent, to be thrown into situations of difficulty, with nothing but one's own resources to rely on, to be obliged to rely on one's head for counsel, and one's heart for courage, to see one's self, as it were, alone against the world, is intensely exciting.

In the days of romance there were personal perils to confront, and appalling dangers to be surmounted; but now it was a game of life, to be played, not merely with a stout heart and a ready hand, but with a cool head and a steady eye. Young as I was I had seen a great deal. In that strange comedy of which my father's guests were the performers there was great insight into character to be gained, and a marvelous knowledge of that skill by which they who live by their wits cultivate these same wits to live.

If I was not totally corrupted by the habits and ways of that life I owe it wholly to those teachings of my dear mother, which through all the turmoil and confusion of this ill-regulated existence still held a place in my heart, and led me again and again to ask myself how *she* would think of this, or what judgment she would pass on that; and even in this remnant of a conscience there was some safety. I tried to persuade myself that it was well for me that all this was now over, and that an honest existence was now about to open to me—an existence in which my good mother's lessons would avail me more, stimulate me to the right and save me from the wrong, and give to the humblest cares of daily labor a halo that never had shone on my life of splendor.

It was late at night when I reached Trieste, and I left it at daybreak. The small steamer in which I had taken my passage followed the coast line, calling at even the most insignificant little towns and villages, and winding its track through that myriad of islands which lie scattered along this strange shore. The quiet, old-world look of these quaint towns, the simple articles they dealt in, the strange dress, and the stranger sounds of the language of these people, all told me into what a new life I had just set foot, and how essential it was to leave all my former habits behind me as I entered here.

The sun had just gone below the sea as we rounded the great promontory of the north and entered the bay of Fiume. Scarcely had we passed in than the channel seemed to close behind us, and we were moving along over what looked like a magnificent lake bounded on every side by lofty mountains—for the islands of the bay are so placed that they conceal the openings to the Adriatic. If the base of the great mountains was steeped in a blue deep and mellow as the sea itself, their summits glowed in the carbuncle tints of the setting sun, and over these again long lines of cloud, golden and azure streaks, marked the sky, almost on fire, as it were, with the last parting salute of the glorious orb that was setting. It was not merely that I had never seen, but I could not have imagined such beauty of landscape; and as we swept quietly along nearer the shore, and I could mark the villas shrouded in the deep woods of chestnut and oak, and saw the olive and the cactus, with the orange and the oleander, bending their leafy branches over the blue water, I thought to myself, would not a life there be nearer to Paradise than any thing wealth and fortune could buy elsewhere?

"There, yonder," said the captain, pointing to the ornamented chimneys of a house surrounded by a deep oak wood, and the terrace of which overhung the sea, "that's the villa of old Ignaz Oppovich. They say the Emperor tempted him with half a million of florins to sell it, but miser as he was and is the old fellow refused it."

"Is that Oppovich of the firm of Hodnig and Oppovich?" asked I.

"Yes; the house is all Oppovich's now, and half Fiume too, I believe."

"There are worse fellows than old Ignaz," said another, gravely. "I wonder what would become of the hospital, or the poor-house, or the asylum for the orphans here, but for him."

"He's a Jew," said another, spitting out with contempt.

"A Jew that could teach many a Christian the virtues of his own faith," cried the former. "A Jew that never refused an alms to the poor, no matter of what belief, and that never spoke ill of his neighbor."

"I never heard as much good of him before, and I have been a member of the town council with him these thirty years."

The other touched his hat respectfully in recognition of the speaker's rank, and said no more.

I took my little portmanteau in my hand as we landed, and made for a small hotel which faced the sea. I had determined not to present myself to the Herr Oppovich till morning, and to take that evening to see the town and its neighborhood.

As I strolled about, gazing with a stranger's curiosity at all that was new and odd to me in this quiet spot, I felt coming over me that deep depression which almost invariably falls upon him who, alone and friendless, makes first acquaintance with the scene wherein he is to live. How hard it is for him to believe that the objects he sees can ever become of interest to him; how impossible it seems that he will live to look on this as home; that he will walk that narrow street as a familiar spot; giving back the kindly greetings that he gets, and feeling that strange, mysterious sense of brotherhood that grows out of daily intercourse with the same people!

I was curious to see where the Herr Oppovich lived, and found the place after some search. The public garden of the town, a prettily planted spot, lies between two mountain streams, flanked by tall mountains, and is rather shunned by the inhabitants from its suspicion of damp. Through this deserted spot—for I saw not one being as I went—I passed on to a dark copse at the extreme end, and beyond which a small wooden bridge led over to a garden wildly overgrown with evergreens and shrubs, and so neglected that it was not easy at first to select the right path among the many that led through the tangled brush-wood. Following one of these, I came out on a little lawn in front of a long low house of two stories. The roof was high-pitched and the windows narrow, and defended by strong iron shutters, which lay open on the outside wall, displaying many a bolt and bar, indicative of strength and resistance. No smoke issued from a chimney, not a sound broke the stillness, nor was there a trace of any living thing around—desolation like it I had never seen. At last a mean, half-starved dog crept coweringly across the lawn, and, drawing nigh the door, stood and whined plaintively. After a brief pause the door opened, the animal stole in, the door then closed with a bang, and all was still as before. I turned back toward the town with a heavy heart: a gloomy dread of those I was to be associated with on the morrow was over me, and I went to the inn and locked myself into my room, and fell upon my bed with a sense of desolation that found vent at last in a torrent of tears.

As I look back on the night that followed it seems to me one of the saddest passages of my life. If I fell asleep it was to dream of the past, with all its exciting pleasures and delights; and then awaking suddenly, I found myself in this wretched, poverty-stricken room, where every object spoke of misery, and recalled me to the thought of a condition as ignoble and as lowly.

I remember well how I longed for day-dawn, that I might get up and wander along the shore, and taste the fresh breeze, and hear the plash of the sea, and seek in that greater, wider, and more beautiful world of nature a peace that my own despairing thoughts would not suffer me to enjoy. And at the first gleam of light I did steal down and issue forth, to walk for hours along the bay in a sort of enchantment from the beauty of the scene, that filled me at last with a sense of almost happiness. I thought of Pauline, too, and wondered would *she* partake of the delight this lovely spot imparted to *me?* would *she* see these leafy woods, that bold mountain, that crystal sea, with its glittering sands many a fathom deep, as I saw them? And if so, what a stimulus to labor and grow rich was in the thought!

In pleasant reveries, that dashed the future with much that had delighted me in the past, the hours rolled on till it was time to present myself at Herr Oppovich's. Armed with my letter of introduction, I soon found myself at the door of a large warehouse, over which his name stood in big letters. A narrow wooden stair ascended steeply from the entrance to a long low room, in which fully twenty clerks were busily engaged at their desks. At the end of this, in a smaller room, I was told Herr Ignaz—for he was always so called—held his private office.

Before I was well conscious of it I was standing in this room before a short thick-set old man, with heavy eyebrows and beard, and whose long coat of coarse cloth reached to his feet.

He sat and examined me as he read the note, pausing at times in the reading as if to compare me with the indications before him.

"Digby Owen—is that the name?" asked he.

"Yes, Sir."

"Native of Ireland, and never before employed in commercial pursuits?"

I nodded to this interrogatory.

"I am not in love with Ireland, nor do I feel a great liking for ignorance, Herr Owen," said he, slowly; and there was a deep impressiveness in his tone, though the words came with the thick accentuation of the Jew. "My old friend and correspondent should have remembered these prejudices of mine. Herr Jacob Heinfetter should not have sent you here."

I knew not what reply to make to this, and was silent.

"He should not have sent you here;" and he repeated the words with increased solemnity. "What do you want me to do with you?" said he, sharply, after a brief pause.

"Any thing that will serve to let me earn my bread," said I, calmly.

"But I can get scores like you, young man, for the wages we give servants here; and would you be content with that?"

"I must take what you are pleased to give me."

He rang a little bell beside him and cried out, "Send Harasch here." And at the word a short, beetle-browed, ill-favored young fellow appeared at the door, pen in hand.

"Bring me your ledger," said the old man. "Look here now," said he to me, as he turned over the beautifully clean and neatly kept volume: "this is the work of one who earns six hundred florins a year. You began with four, Harasch?"

"Three hundred, Herr Ignaz," said the lad, bowing.

"Can you live and wear such clothes as these," said the old man, touching my tweed coat, "for three hundred florins a year—paper florins, mind, which in your money would make about twenty-five pounds?"

"I will do my best with it," said I, determined he should not deter me by mere words.

"Take him with you, Harasch; let him copy into the waste-book. We shall see in a few days what he's fit for."

At a sign from the youth I followed him out, and soon found myself in the outer room, where a considerable number of the younger clerks were waiting to acknowledge me.

Nothing could well be less like the manners and habits I was used to than the coarse familiarity and easy impertinence of these young fellows. They questioned me about my birth, my education, my means, what circumstance had driven me to my present step, and why none of my friends had done any thing to save me from it. Not content with a number of very searching inquiries, they began to assure me that Herr Ignaz would not put up with my incapacity for a week. "He'll send you into the yard," cried one; and the sentence was chorused at once. "Ja! ja! he'll be sent into the yard." And though I was dying to know what that might mean, my pride restrained my curiosity, and I would not condescend to ask.

"Won't he be fine in the yard!" I heard one whisper to another, and they both began laughing at the conceit; and I now sat down on a bench and lost myself in thought.

"Come; we are going to dinner, Engländer," said Harasch to me at last; and I arose and followed him.

CHAPTER XVII.

HANSERL OF THE YARD.

I WAS soon to learn what being "sent into the yard" meant. Within a week that destiny was mine. Being so sent was the phrase for being charged to count the staves as they arrived in wagon-loads from Hungary, oaken staves being the chief "industry" of Fiume, and the principal source of Herr Oppovich's fortune.

My companion, and, indeed, my instructor in this intellectual employment, was a strange-looking, dwarfish creature, who, whatever the season, wore a suit of dark yellow leather, the jerkin being fastened round the waist by a broad belt with a heavy brass buckle. He had been in the yard three-and-forty years, and though his assistants had been uniformly promoted to the office, he had met with no advancement in life, but was still in the same walk and the same grade in which he had started.

Hans Spöner was, however, a philosopher, and went on his road uncomplainingly. He said that the open air and the freedom were better than the closeness and confinement within doors, and, if his pay was smaller, his healthier appetite made him able to relish plainer food; and this mode of reconciling things—striking the balance between good and ill—went through all he said or did, and his favorite phrase, "Es ist fast einerley," or "It comes to about the same," comprised his whole system of worldly knowledge.

If at first I felt the occupation assigned to me as an insult and a degradation, Hanserl's companionship soon reconciled me to submit to it with patience. It was not merely that he displayed an invariable good-humor and pleasantry, but there was a forbearance about him, and a delicacy in his dealing with me, actually gentlemanlike. Thus he never questioned me as to my former condition, nor asked by what accident I had fallen to my present lot; and, while showing in many ways that he saw I was unused to hardship, he rather treated my inexperience as a mere fortuitous circumstance than as a thing to comment or dwell on. Hanserl, besides this, taught me how to live on my humble pay of a florin and ten kreutzers—about two shillings—daily. I had a small room that led out into the yard, and could consequently devote my modest salary to my maintenance. The straitened economy of Hans himself had enabled him to lay by about eight hundred florins, and he strongly advised me to arrange my mode of life on a plan that would admit of such a prudent saving.

Less for this purpose than to give my friend a strong proof of the full confidence I reposed in his judgment and his honor, I confided to his care all my earnings, and only begged he would provide for me as for himself; and thus Hans and I became inseparable. We took our coffee together at daybreak, our little soup and boiled beef at noon, and our potato-salad, with perhaps a sardine or such like, at night for supper; the "Viertelwein"—the fourth of a bottle—being equitably divided between us to cheer our hearts and cement good-fellowship on certainly as acrid a liquor as ever served two such excellent ends.

None of the clerks would condescend to know us. Herr Fripper, the cashier, would nod to us in the street, but the younger men never recognized us at all, save in some expansive moment of freedom by a wink or a jerk of the head. We were in a most subordinate condition, and they made us feel it.

From Hans I learned that Herr Oppovich was a widower with two children, a son and a daughter. The former was an irreclaimable scamp and vagabond, whose debts had been paid over and over again, and who had been turned out of the army with disgrace, and was now wandering about Europe, living on his father's friends, and trading for small loans on his family name. This was Adolph Oppovich. The girl—Sara she was called—was, in Hanserl's judgment, not much more to be liked than her brother. She was proud and insolent to a degree that would have been remarkable in a princess of a reigning house. From the clerks she exacted a homage that was positively absurd. It was not alone that they should always stand uncovered as she passed, but that if any had occasion to address her he should prelude what he had to say by kissing her hand, an act of vassalage that in Austria is limited to persons of the humblest kind.

"She regards me as a wild beast, and I am therefore spared this piece of servitude," said Hans, and he laughed his noiseless, uncouth laugh as he thought of his immunity.

"Is she handsome?" asked I.

"How can she be handsome when she is so overbearing?" said he. "Is not beauty gentleness, mildness, softness? How can it agree with eyes that flash disdain, and a mouth that seems to curl with insolence? The old proverb says, 'Schönheit ist Sanftheit;' and that's why Our Lady is always so lovely."

Hanserl was a devout Catholic; and not impossibly this sentiment made his judgment of the young Jewess all the more severe. Of Herr Oppovich himself he would say little. Perhaps he deemed it was not loyal to discuss him whose bread he ate; perhaps he had not sufficient experience of me to trust me with his opinion: at all events he went no further than an admission that he was wise and keen in business; one who made few mistakes himself, nor forgave them easily in another.

"Never do more than he tells you to do, younker," said Hans to me one day; "and he'll trust you, if you do that well." And this was not the least valuable hint he gave me.

Hans had a great deal of small worldly wisdom, the fruit rather of a long experience than of any remarkable gift of observation. As he said himself, it took him four years to learn the business of the yard; and as I acquired the knowledge in about a week, he regarded me as a perfect genius.

We soon became fast and firm friends. The way in which I had surrendered myself to his guidance—giving him up the management of my money, and actually submitting to his authority as though I were his son—had won upon the old man immensely; while I, on my side—friendless and companionless, save with himself—drew close to the only one who seemed to take an interest in me. At first—I must own it—as we wended our way, at noon, toward the little eating-house where we dined, and I saw the friends with whom Hans exchanged greetings, and felt the class and condition he belonged to reflected in the coarse looks and coarser ways of his associates, I was ashamed to think to what I had fallen. I had, indeed, no respect, nor any liking for the young fellows of the counting-house. They were intensely, offensively vulgar; but they had the outward semblance, the dress, and the gait of their betters, and they were privileged by appearance to stroll into a café and sit down, from which I and my companion would speedily have been ejected. I confess I envied them that mere right of admission into the well-dressed world, and sorrowed over my own exclusion as though it had been inflicted on me as a punishment.

This jealous feeling met no encouragement from Hans. The old man had no rancor of any kind in his nature. He had no sense of discontent with his condition, nor any desire to change it. Counting staves seemed to him a very fitting way to occupy existence; and he knew of many occupations that were less pleasant and less wholesome. Rags, for instance, for the paper-mill, or hides, in both of which Herr Ignaz dealt, Hans would have seriously disliked; but staves were cleanly and smelled fresh and sweetly of the oak-wood they came from; and there was something noble in their destiny—to form casks and hogsheads for the rich wines of France and Spain—which he was fond of recalling: and so would he say, "Without you and me, boy, or those like us, they'd have no vats nor barrels for the red grape-juice."

While he thus talked to me, trying to invest our humble calling with what might elevate it in my eyes, I struggled often with myself whether I should not tell him the story of my life—in what rank I had lived, to what hopes of fortune I had been reared. Would this knowledge have raised me in the old man's esteem, or would it have estranged him from me? That was the question. How should I come through the ordeal of his judgment? higher or lower? A mere chance decided for me what all my pondering could not resolve. Hans came home one night with a little book in his hand, a present for me. It was a French grammar, and, as he told me, the key to all knowledge.

"The French are the great people of the world," said he, "and till you know their tongue, you can have no real insight into learning." There was a "younker" once under him in the yard, who, just because he could read and write French, was now a cashier, with six hundred florins salary. "When you have worked hard for three months we'll look out for a master, Owen."

"But I know it already, Hanserl," said I, proudly. "I speak it even better than I speak German, and Italian too! Ay, stare at me, but it's true. I had masters for these, and for Greek and Latin; and I was taught to draw, and to sing, and to play the piano, and I learned how to ride and to dance."

"Just like a born gentleman," broke in Hans.

"I was, and I am, a born gentleman; don't shake your head, or wring your hands, Hanserl. I'm not going mad! These are not ravings! I'll soon convince you what I say is true." And I hurried to my room, and opening my trunk, took out my watch, and some trinkets, some studs of value, and a costly chain my father gave me. "These are all mine! I used to wear them once, as commonly as I now wear these bone buttons. There were more servants in my father's house than there are clerks in Herr Oppovich's counting-house. Let me tell you who I was, and how I came to be what I am."

I told him my whole story, the old man listening with an eagerness quite intense, but never more deeply interested than when I told of the splendors and magnificence of my father's house. He never wearied hearing of costly entertainments and great banquets, where troops of servants waited, and every wish of the guest was at once ministered to.

"And all this," cried he, at last, "all this, day after day, night after night, and not once a year only, as we see it here, on the Fräulein Sara's birthday!" And now the poor old man, as if to compensate himself for listening so long, broke out into a description of the festivities by which Herr Oppovich celebrated his daughter's birthday; an occasion on which he invited all in his employment to pass the day at his villa, on the side of the bay, and when, by Hanserl's account, a most unbounded hospitality held sway. "There are no portions, no measured quantities, but each is free to eat and drink as he likes," cried Hans, who, with this praise, described a banquet of millennial magnificence. "But you will see for yourself," added he, "for even the 'yard' is invited."

I cautioned him strictly not to divulge what I had told him of myself; nor was it necessary after all, for he well knew how Herr Ignaz resented the thought of any one in his service having other pretensions than such as grew out of his own favor toward them.

"You'd be sent away to-morrow, younker," said he, "if he but knew what you were. There's an old proverb shows how they think of people of quality:

> 'Die Juden nicht dulden
> Den Herrschaft mit Schulden.'

The Jews can not abide the great folk, with their indebtedness; and to deem these inseparable is a creed.

"On the 31st of August falls the Fräulien's birthday, lad, and you shall tell me the next morning if your father gave a grander fête than that."

A WONDERFUL FISH—AGAIN.

IN No. 617 of the *Weekly* for October 24, 1868, we gave a figure and description of a fish caught near Eastport, Maine, and now on exhibition down East, in which reference was made to Professor Baird as one of the naturalists who were unable to classify this *lusus naturæ*. We have since received the following communication from Professor Gill, of the Smithsonian Institution, a well-known authority on the subject of fishes, which we take pleasure in presenting to our readers:

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, *October* 31, 1868.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

My attention has been called to the description and figure of a "Wonderful Fish" in a recent Number of the *Weekly*. I beg leave to send you a description of an animal of the same kind, showing the real character of the species. It is nothing more than a large shark; the so-called "feet" being simply club-shaped appendages of the ventral fins provided with a small hook, the like of which are found in all male sharks and rays, and called claspers.

The shark in question is well known to fishermen and naturalists, both in this country and in Europe, as the Basking or Bone Shark (scientifically *Selache*, or *Cetorhinus maximus*). It is figured and described in Storer's work on the fishes of Massachusetts, as well as by Dekay, Lesueur, etc. It has frequently been found on our coast, and has even been hunted systematically for its oil, of which six or seven barrels have sometimes been obtained from a single specimen. The most curious feature about it is the difference in its habits from those of other sharks, feeding, as it is believed to do, principally on sea-weeds and minute marine animals, and never showing any disposition to attack man. Indeed, its teeth are too small to do any mischief, being not larger than those of an ordinary codfish. Its chief zoological characteristics are the anterior position of the small eyes; the very large gill openings; the minute teeth; and the peculiarly complicated structure of the intestinal canal.

Though such a monster in size, it is even in this respect rivaled, if not exceeded, by another species of the same group, the Carcharodon shark, of which an individual, captured in the Australian seas, measured nearly forty feet in length, and of which a species has been found on our own coast, though not of so large a size. This, unlike the other, is a real "man-eater," the great size of its teeth and its ferocity rendering it most formidable.

Professor Baird, when he saw the animal at Calais, at once recognized it as a Basking shark, but not being certain whether it was considered to be distinct from the European species, or identical with it, wrote to me to supply the requisite information, which I did, and which he duly communicated to the proprietor in accordance with his promise. The reference to the fabled monster of Lake Utopia, and the stories of its using its legs in moving on the flats when stranded there by the falling tide, are entirely unworthy of consideration.

SILENCE.

WHEN a sick man falls asleep,
All the watchers silence keep;
Silence, till he wake again,
Roused from happy dreams to pain.

Hushed their breath, their voices die,
Muffled feet move noiselessly,
And the sufferer suffereth not,
All his waking ills forgot.

Sweet one, I beseech of thee
As the sick consider me.
While my heart has ceased to weep,
Hush! it has but fallen asleep.

Almost heal'd, it slumbereth—
Wake it not with touch or breath;
Grant sweet pity mild and meek
To the weary and the weak.

Wake it not, although it be
Even from pain to ecstasy.
Do not stir the dregs of ill;
Let it slumber: hush! be still.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A FEARFUL epidemic is raging—an epidemic of *crime*. Not alone in this great metropolis, but wide-spread throughout our country, in large cities East and West, as well as in quiet villages, the pestilential breath is poisoning the blood and ruining the souls of multitudes. Every daily newspaper contains a horrible record of murders—murders prompted by every evil passion and vile motive to which mankind could become a slave, and murders committed apparently without any motive, strange and inexplicable. That some remedial agencies more powerful than now exist, or more promptly and universally administered, are necessary is evident. The recent assassination of Mr. Charles Rogers indicates what a bold disregard for law prevails, and how little care is taken even to conceal crime. It seems incredible that in a quiet, respectable street in this city, within sight of busy Broadway, a respectable citizen should be deliberately attacked in front of his own residence, mortally stabbed, and robbed. Yet such was the case; and the murderer walked off with his ill-gotten gains unmolested. This is but a single instance; but the thoughtful reader must turn with a sickened heart from the daily records of similar atrocities, and pray that enforced laws may afford more secure protection.

The Metropolitan Board of Health declares the law in full force by which the slaughtering of any animal for food, except birds, fowl, and fish, is prohibited from being conducted at any place in the city of New York south of Fortieth Street; nor shall such slaughtering be conducted at any place north of Fortieth Street, in the city of New York, nor in the city of Brooklyn, without a special written permit from the Board of Health. This is an excellent thing for people who live below Fortieth Street—but who protects the health and comfort of residents *above* Fortieth Street?

Congress has adopted a resolution, recently offered, directing the Committee on Agriculture to inquire into the expediency of reorganizing the Department of Agriculture, so as to provide for the selection of one person from each State, familiar with the agricultural wants and interests of such State, to occupy a semi-official position in the department.

The terrible accident which recently occurred in Rochester, and by which eight persons were killed and thirty wounded, should be a fresh lesson to builders. A floor in the school-house of St. Peter's and St. Paul's Roman Catholic church gave way while it was crowded with people attending the holiday festival. The floor was supported by brick piers sixteen inches square. The cause of its giving way was the crumbling of one of these light piers, a portion of the brick of which it was composed being soft and calculated to yield to the pressure of the superstructure, augmented by the weight of people on the floor. The piers were capped with blocks of Lockport stone, and in every other particular the structure is as strong as could be desired. That the piers were insufficient for the weight is conclusively established by this accident. It is probable that had the accident not occurred the majority of builders would have estimated that they were strong enough. The building has been erected only a short time.

According to the London *Times*, although the "bathing season" is over, there are still every morning on an average from twenty to thirty persons who bathe in the Serpentine, no matter how inclement or severe the weather may be. Many of these, having been recommended by their medical advisers to take a cold bath every morning, commenced in the summer months, and have derived so much benefit that they have continued day by day throughout the winter for many years—for over thirty in one case. Even when the water has been covered with ice several inches thick it has been no unusual occurrence for applications to be made to the receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society for the loan of a hatchet to break it, in order that these persistent bathers may have their dip, emerging from the water with icicles hanging from their hair.

No less than 17,000 laborers are at present employed on the Isthmus of Suez. Independent of the work accomplished by numerous smaller instruments the constructors use sixty dredging machines, which never rest day nor night. The work, of course, is rapidly progressing. In about ten months the twenty millions of cubic metres of earth which now remain to be carried away for the purpose of forming the canal will be removed.

The water with which the city of Erie is supplied is drawn from the lake, nearly a quarter of a mile from shore, and is raised by steam power two hundred and thirty feet. The new water-works are just completed.

Not long ago a peasant in Prussia presented an odd mass at a bank of a provincial town, and requested the cashier to "change it for him." On close examination one little scrap was found containing the number of a ten-thaler bank-note, the rest was pulp, and nothing could be made of it. The poor peasant then explained matters. He had brought eighty thalers in bank-notes from the market, and had lost the little bundle in the stable. There an eager goat found it, and proceeded calmly to eat it up. The peasant having become aware of his loss, rushed back into the stable, and just entered it in time to perceive the last morsel of a ten-thaler note disappearing. He killed the goat, and this was the result. The question arose whether chemical agencies might restore some portions of the mass, or a microscope reveal traces invisible to the naked eye. The peasant received the value of one note, and a promise that every thing possible should be done for him.

It is stated that Samuel M. Andrews, since his confinement in the State Prison at Charlestown, has exhibited the same calmness which characterized his conduct during the trial. He has been put to work in a machine shop—having some knowledge of machinery—and appears to work with diligence and good-humor.

Count de Beerski, a Russian nobleman, and an artist of considerable repute, recently died in Rochester. New York. He inherited a valuable estate near Moscow, together with two hundred and fifty serfs, all of whom he emancipated. When Nicholas ascended the throne, the Count, in consequence of his liberal views, was obliged to leave his native country and all his possessions. Accustomed as he was to wealth and luxury, he found himself necessitated to do something for a subsistence. He was well educated, and possessed a taste for drawing. He resolved to paint miniatures; and in Hamburg, Paris, and London, attracted much notice as an artist. His paintings, which were exhibited at the Crystal Palace, at the World's Fair, in London, 1851, won the first premium. He was subsequently employed to paint the royal family of Great Britain. In 1859 he came to this country, whose free institutions he greatly admired; and has for several years resided in Rochester, being much esteemed by those who knew him.

Thirty-six patients in the Lunatic Hospital at Northampton, Massachusetts, have recovered during the year. We see it stated that the Superintendent of that institution considers insanity essentially a disease of debility. Tonics, including some stimulants, are the principal medicines, assisted by nervines, soporifics, alteratives, or cathartics.

Holyoke, Massachusetts, abounds in paper-mills, which produce about twenty-six tons of paper a day. Nearly one-fifth of this is for envelopes and collars.

In 1250—so the story goes—the famous salt-mine of Wieliczka, ten miles from Cracow, in Austria, was discovered by a shepherd named Wieliez. It came into possession of the Austrian Government in 1772, and yields a net revenue of upward of 6,000,000 florins. It is now stated that this mine is threatened with total destruction by a stream of water which lately made its appearance while the workmen were digging in one of the lower shafts in search of potash. All the means hitherto adopted of preventing the water from inundating the mine have been unsuccessful; it flows at the rate of 120 cubic feet a minute, and has already almost filled the lower passages, rapidly dissolving the salt with which it comes in contact. A channel is being built for confining the water and leading it out of the mine, but it is feared that the salt columns which support the transverse shafts will be undermined before the work can be completed.

An Irishman, whose wife was sick, called a physician. The M.D. was willing to give medical attention, but desired pay in advance, or a formal agreement to be made to pay when his services were no longer needed.

"An't it kill or cure for twenty dollars?" said Pat.

"Yes."

Pat was satisfied, and entered into the contract. The woman died, and in due time the doctor presented his bill. Pat looked at it a moment, and then asked,

"An' did yez cure her?"

"No," answered the physician.

"An' did yez kill her?"

This was a poser. The bill, at last accounts, had not been settled.

Last week a sixty-pound bomb-shell exploded in the furnace of an iron foundry in Concord, N. H. Several workmen were seriously injured, and as the furnace was shattered entirely to pieces it is a wonder that yet greater damage was not done, and many lives lost. The shell came from Portsmouth Navy-yard with a quantity of others, and was warranted free from powder.

A man in Toledo has been pretending to make astonishing cures by animal magnetism. It is now discovered that he keeps about his person six electric batteries, [illegible] which he charges himself with electricity.

We see mention made in an exchange of a country pastor who, on Christmas morning, could not find his stockings. A careful search was made, and they were discovered—but in them were the horns of a new milch cow, which (the cow, not the horns alone) was the gift of a considerate people.

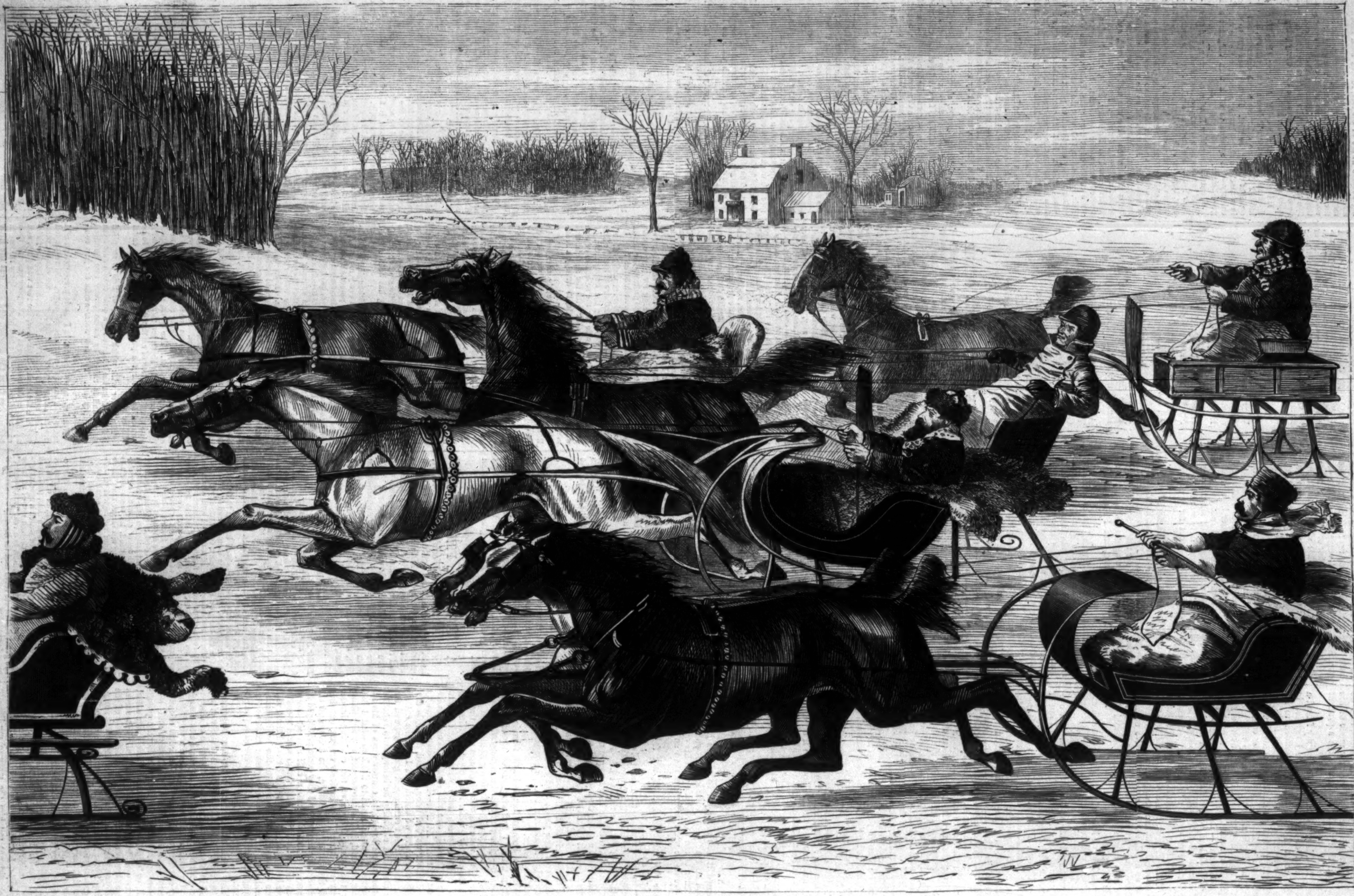
Rossini's villa at Passy is for sale. It is built on a piece of ground which was cut off by the fortifications of Paris from the Bois de Boulogne. The little domain is inclosed by an iron railing all covered with ivy. In the middle of the garden stands the arbor where Rossini used to study happily on bright summer days. The park is filled with sycamores and laurels brought from Italy. There is a profusion of flowers, which fill the air all round with fragrant perfume; and the songs of the birds, which he loved so much, make merry music in their sweet rural retreat.

The Chicago *Republican* gives an interesting incident, which illustrates the free-and-easy style of life in that far-famed Western metropolis: "A gentleman last evening, in an Indiana Avenue car, sat composedly with his arms extended at right angles from his body, and a female gracefully reposing upon each manly breast. Whether one of the ladies was the gentleman's wife and the other his sister, or one his sister and the other his wife, or whether both were his wives or both his sisters, or both somebody else's sisters or somebody else's wives, was not made apparent by the quiet conversation of the interested and interesting trio."

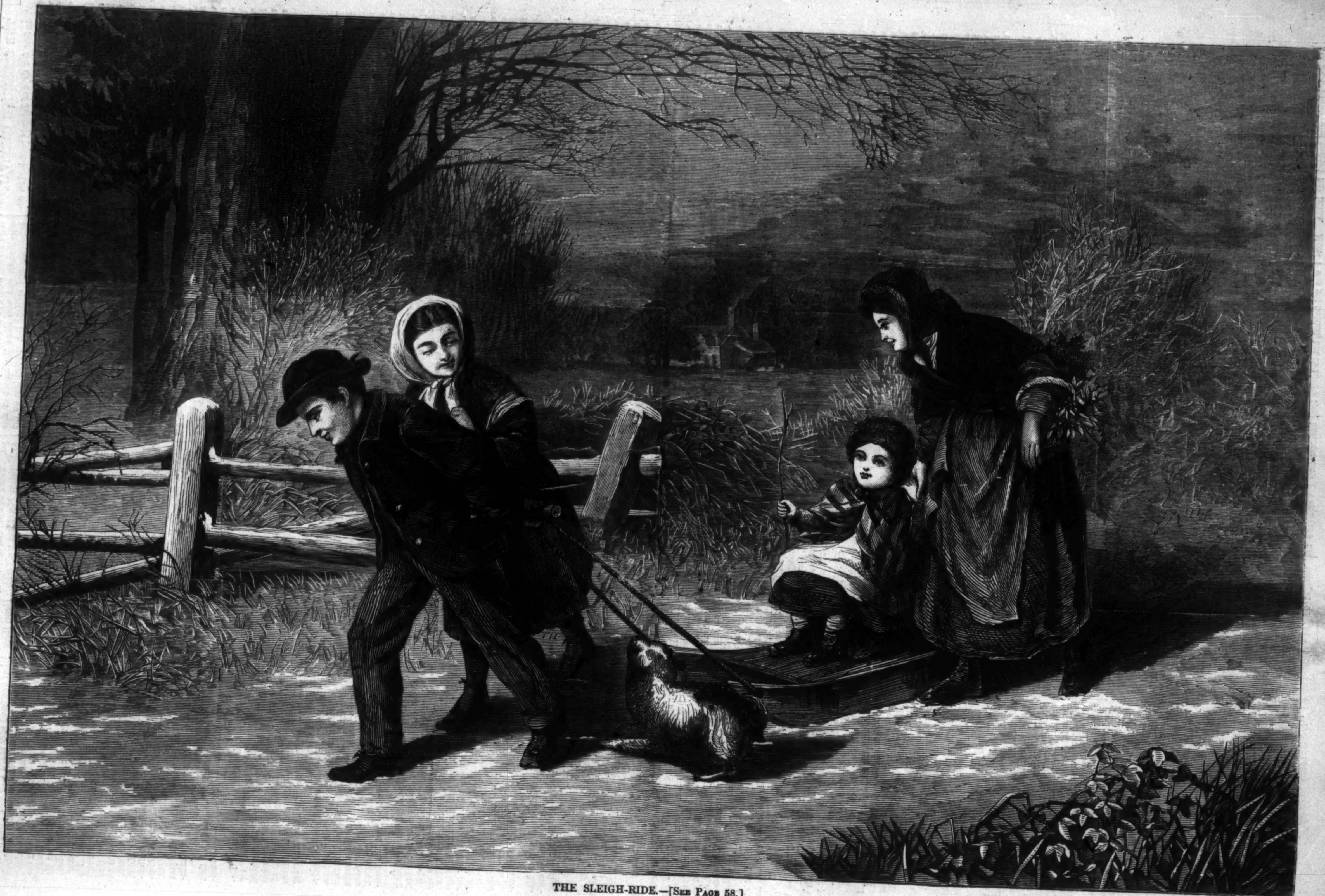
What can be done to give employment to those in our city who want to make an honest living? It is estimated that there are from 150,000 to 200,000 people in the cities of New York and Brooklyn who have no regular employment by which they may feed and clothe themselves and their families. Large and comprehensive measures only can bring relief to such a multitude.

During the last year one hundred and forty-nine bodies were placed in the Morgue of this city, seventy-nine of which were recognized by their friends.

A short time ago a Mrs. White, living in New Jersey, confessed on her death-bed that she had poisoned her husband, brother-in-law, and child. As she had borne an unblemished character before, every body was horror-stricken at such a disclosure. A later version of the story places the affair in a different light; and it is the opinion of the physician who attended her that her words were the emanations of a weak and disordered mind, influenced by morphine and brandy, which had been freely administered to her for some days previous to her death, in order to prolong life.



TROTTERS ON THE SNOW.—SKETCHED BY THOMAS WORTH.—[SEE PAGE 58.]



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

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THE SLEIGHING CARNIVAL.

THE first few days of January promised an exciting sleighing-season; but the hopes aroused were soon dissipated by an old-fashioned "January thaw," though not before the brief season of enjoyment had been eagerly cultivated and enjoyed by our citizens. Sleigh-rides are the delight of New Yorkers; and no city in the country so tempts the riders out as does our metropolis, with its splendid suburban avenues. There was, accordingly, a general turn-out in sleighs of every style—in aristocratic cutters, in vehicles that looked as much like worn-out boxes on runners as any thing else, in single sleighs and in double sleighs, and with horses of every description, from the best-blooded steed down to the sorriest hack. Our avenues were filled with these jolly riders—with parties of respectable ladies and gentlemen, parties of "roughs," parties of children whose young faces looked like flowers amidst deserts of snow, and parties of dashing sports with their favorite trotters, such as Mr. WORTH shows us in his admirable illustration on page 56. The drives in Central Park, Harlem Lane, and the other avenues leading out from the city were crowded with the swiftly moving cavalcade.

CHARLOTTE MOREL.

IT is the way of the world to speak of the Middle Ages as if they were dead and buried. But far from the tracks of the railway, travelers now and then find out spots where medieval life is not dead but sleeping. The men wear coats, and the women chignons; but beneath these outward signs of the nineteenth century lie modes of thought and habits of life which certainly belong to another age than this. These places are mostly found abroad: little mousey provincial towns are they, not sufficiently interesting to attract antiquarians, and too poor to stimulate enterprise; places in which life is as dull and as torpid as it was three hundred years ago and more.

To this quiet tribe belongs Verrières, in one of the central provinces of France. Money is of great account in places like this, and money has reached its full value in Verrières. That little humdrum town, with its long, silent street, and its green gardens spreading behind its old houses so quaint and gray, thinks a great deal of Mammon.

Thanks to Mammon, therefore, Monsieur Morel, the richest man in Verrières, held a high position in his native place. Monsieur Morel was a grocer and general dealer. He literally fed and clothed Verrières. Monsieur Morel sold flour, bacon, eggs, sugar, colonial goods, spirits, and wine even, crockery, hardware, boots and shoes, cloths, silks, calico, linen, and every species of cheap stuff, not liable to sudden changes of fashion. Monsieur Morel soon became a rich man, and grew richer with every year. He lived in a very old house, with many windows to it; windows high and narrow which, as well as the steep roof and massive chimney-stacks, spoke of a by-gone age. In the broad and lofty rooms of that house—and it had many—he stored away his multifarious goods. Casks of butter, bales of coffee, sacks full of flour, piles of sugar-loaves in blue paper, could be seen by the admiring eyes of the children of Verrières, through the dusty and grated windows of the ground-floor. But still greater wonders were reported of the first, second, and third floors of Monsieur Morel's house. Piles upon piles of shining silks and fine broadcloths were there, it was said; precious goods, never visited in their solemn and dusky retreat save by Monsieur Morel and his clerk, Lenoir, a little, wiry old man, who went through life with a pen behind his ear. These two, Monsieur Morel and Lenoir, assisted by two stout servant-women, attended to the shop. This was not in the street, as might have been expected, but in the yard at the back of the house. A low, dingy-looking shop it was, in which perpetual twilight reigned, and where the sun never entered; but a shop in which the chink of money was heard all the day long, and all the year round. Light and sun it had had in its early days, when the yard merged into a pleasant garden, bounded by a little river which flowed between willows and aspen-trees. But when Monsieur Morel's business so increased that he knew not where to turn to for spare room the garden was sacrificed.

Madame Morel died when her first child was born. Her widowed husband never married again. Apart from his wife's death, Monsieur Morel had troubles incidental to his position. The chief of these was, that the late Madame Morel had not given him a son, but a daughter.

"Ah, Lenoir!" he would say to his clerk, "the mother-abbess gives me the best account of the little thing's temper and abilities; my own eyes tell me that she is both pretty and healthy. But it is a great trial that I have not got a Charles, but a Charlotte. The business, you know."

"It is a great pity that Mademoiselle Charlotte is not Monsieur Charles," Lenoir would ruefully answer. "It certainly was a great mistake."

When Madame Morel's mistake was about seven years old she came home to her father's on a week's holiday. A very pretty, quiet, demure child, with black eyes and a rosy face, was Charlotte Morel. And very pretty she looked when she acted as bridemaid to her father's sister, who married Monsieur Roussel, the notary, about this time. Monsieur Roussel was a widower, and his son, Henri, a lad of twelve, took a great fancy to Mademoiselle Charlotte. He sat by her at the wedding-dinner; he danced with her in the evening; and when she complained of being fatigued, he chivalrously put her on his back, and carried her home. Monsieur Morel, who was already looking out for a son-in-law, and who liked the aspect of this handsome and spirited lad, slapped him on the back, and said, cheeringly:

"That's right, Henri; carry your little wife."

Upon which, Henri, turning his frank face and blue eyes to Charlotte, said, gayly:

"Will you marry me, Charlotte? Eh, will you marry me?"

The proposal, coming as it did when Charlotte was on her suitor's back, with her arms around his neck, was an awkward one. She looked shy and doubtful; before she could answer, Henri's uncle and godfather, Monsieur Roussel, the farmer, interfered, and said, sarcastically:

"Do not say yes, Charlotte, or you will repent it, for you see Henri has a temper."

Henri became crimson, and bit his lip.

"Henri will improve," hesitatingly said his father.

"Please to put me down?" asked Charlotte.

"I will not," passionately replied the boy. "I will carry you, whether you like it or not, mamzelle."

Charlotte submitted; but when they reached home, and Henri put her down, she would neither look at him nor bid him good-night.

"You are a sulky little thing," he said, angrily.

A remark which Charlotte did not deign to answer.

Charlotte was about eighteen when Monsieur Morel said one morning to Lenoir:

"I must see about a son-in-law."

But where was the young man to be found who could be both Charlotte Morel's husband and Monsieur Morel's successor? Where was the lover and the man of business? All Verrières could not yield him.

"I must try Henri Roussel," said Monsieur Morel, with a sigh. Monsieur Lenoir heard, and groaned, and turned up his eyes. Matters must be bad indeed for Monsieur Morel to take such a resolve as this.

Henri Roussel was now a very fine, manly-looking young fellow, with plenty of brains, but with a reckless, ungovernable temper, which had already led him into various scrapes, and which kept his father, a weak, nervous man, and his step-mother, a timid, yielding woman, in a constant state of fever and uneasiness. Monsieur Roussel was the notary of Verrières, and he lived in the house next to that of his brother-in-law. To him Monsieur Morel broached his proposal.

"Please yourself; but neither you nor any one else will do any good with Henri," despondently answered Monsieur Roussel. "In this very room I told him so only yesterday."

"Perhaps he will like business better than the law," said Monsieur Morel.

His brother-in-law shook his head.

"Henri can live on the little fortune his mother left him," he said, "and Henri will like nothing. Mind," he added, expanding his hands, "you take him on your own responsibility."

Thus comforted, Monsieur Morel went down stairs. His sister was knitting in a dull parlor, with her two daughters by her. When they had been sent away, and her brother explained his plans, the good lady dropped ten stitches of her knitting.

"Poor Charlotte!" she said. "Why, he will break the child's heart with his temper."

Monsieur Morel said something about some one who was not so black as he was painted, upon which he was told that he did not know Henri Roussel.

"Well, then," he retorted, losing patience, "I can not help myself; beggars can not be choosers."

And he went forthwith to find the sinner—whom he had always liked, to say the truth—at the end of the garden. A pleasant, sunlit garden was this—half garden, half orchard, and sloping down to the river-side. Monsieur Morel walked down trim paths, with beds of stocks and wall-flowers blossoming very sweetly in the light shade of apple-trees, till he came to the river. There he found Henri Roussel in his shirt-sleeves, mending and hammering a boat with right good-will. He was twenty-three then, a tall and very handsome young man, with a tinge of red in his yellow locks, but with a frank look in his blue eyes, and an open smile, which Monsieur Morel had always liked. At once, in few but plain words, he expounded his errand and made his proposal. Henri heard him, sitting on the side of the boat, with the hammer in one hand and his chin resting on the palm of the other.

"Thank you, uncle," he said, gravely; "but you know I never took to the law."

"The law is one thing, and business is another," replied Monsieur Morel.

"Yes: I want life, motion, variety. Business gives these—the law does not. And you want me to marry Charlotte," continued the young man, gravely. "You know I am by no means so rich as she is."

"That is *my* business."

"But how will she like it, uncle?"

"That is *your* business," answered Monsieur Morel, smiling.

The color deepened on the young man's cheek; he was silent a while, then he made one last objection.

"My father, my step-mother, my two sisters all declare that I have a bad and violent temper. Are you willing, nevertheless, to trust me with your daughter's happiness?"

"I am," stoutly replied Monsieur Morel; "for if you have a warm temper, for which the color of your hair may be answerable, I believe you have also a generous heart, and that you are incapable of making my little Charlotte unhappy."

Henri Roussel said nothing, but his blue eyes were dim and his lips quivered as he rose and held out his hand, which Monsieur Morel grasped cordially. It was a bargain, and the young man came that same evening, not to live in the house, which was not needed, but to have a long business conversation with his uncle. He proved an apt pupil. There was life and activity in the business, as Monsieur Morel had truly said. Henri Roussel had to travel and go about to fairs and markets, and he showed such business talents and gave such satisfaction that Monsieur Morel sent for his daughter in order to conclude the matter as soon as possible.

Mademoiselle Charlotte Morel had rarely left her convent, and her few glimpses of the world seemed to have had little effect upon her. She was as quiet and demure as any little nun. Rather little she was, though not ungracefully so—little, but very pretty, with a rosy, round face, charming dimples, lovely black eyes, and glossy black hair. This attractive young person also had an amiable and even temper, and more practical sense than ladies of her years are supposed to possess. Her father laid his plans open to her with perfect candor. His fortune was invested in his business, and his son-in-law must also, if possible, be his successor. He was quite satisfied with Henri Roussel, and though he wished to lay no compulsion upon her, he hoped that his daughter would like the young man. Charlotte heard him out, with her eyes downcast, and her hands folded on her lap, and then said, gravely:

"Has he not a bad temper?"

"Rather hasty, perhaps," reluctantly said Monsieur Morel; "but Henri Roussel would never be to a young and agreeable wife what he may have been to his family, you know."

Charlotte raised her eyebrows in mingled surprise and doubt on hearing this.

"I hope to get old," she said, quaintly.

Monsieur Morel, not knowing what to say, began praising the young man's talent, assiduity, and good-looks.

"Henri always begins very well," composedly replied Charlotte, "and I know he is clever."

"And very handsome," persisted Monsieur Morel, shrewdly.

His daughter answered with the untranslatable "comme ça," to which "so-so" is no equivalent; and no more was said on the subject.

To all appearance matters went on very well between the young people. Charlotte sat and worked in a room next the shop on the ground-floor, and there Henri would go and join her now and then. The door remained open, and from the shop Monsieur Morel watched them with a pleased eye. He saw his pretty daughter sitting near the window, around which the creepers hung. How quiet and demure she looked, with her downcast eyes, while Henri Roussel, leaning against the wall, gazed down at her in evident admiration!

"I fancy it will do," thought Monsieur Morel; but to be sure of it, he questioned his daughter. Charlotte was silent a while; then she said:

"I mistrust him. He had a temper once, and he seems to have lost it."

"Because he is fond of you."

"Ah, but suppose he should cease being fond of me?"

Now, as ill-luck would have it, Monsieur Morel repeated this conversation to Henri Roussel. The young man heard him, and said nothing, but bit his lip and turned very red. He sometimes rowed Charlotte and his sisters down the river of an evening, and he did so late on the afternoon of this day. The sun was setting behind the old church of Verrières. Blue and gold were in the sky, and mingled in the placid surface of the little stream with the green shadows of the aspens and the willows. The boat floated past quiet gardens; as he rowed, Henri looked at Charlotte with mingled love and anger. The young girl sat still, for Louise, Henri's youngest sister, had fallen asleep in her lap.

"Why do you not trust me, Charlotte?" asked Henri, abruptly.

Charlotte raised her eyes in some wonder; then guessing the truth, she colored a little, but replied, composedly:

"What difference does it make to you whether I trust you or not?"

Her cool tone, her unmoved look exasperated him. In a moment Henri recovered the temper which the fair Charlotte supposed him to have lost. His eyes flashed, his lips trembled with resentment.

"You must be heartless to put such a question," he said, impetuously.

Charlotte looked at him very earnestly:

"Thank you," she said, bowing her head with ironical courtesy. "Pray be so kind as to row me back."

He complied without saying a word. That same evening Charlotte quietly informed her father that she should never marry Henri Roussel.

"The man who can not rule himself shall never rule me," she said.

Monsieur Morel was much annoyed, and much troubled. He did his best to convince Charlotte that she had better give Henri another trial; but the proposal was evidently so distasteful to her, and she shrank from it with such pain, that he did not insist.

"Very well," he said, desperately; "I must send off poor Henri, and you must go back to the convent till I have found some one else."

To this sentence Charlotte submitted without a word. She went away the very next morning. Henri said, bitterly:

"I do not know why I regret her: she did not care a rush for me."

And he, too, went, not merely from his uncle's house, but from Verrières, which he left for Paris, and entered a large commercial house.

Nothing came of Monsieur Morel's search for some one else. He lived in hope, and left his daughter safe behind convent walls till she was twenty-one, when grim Death settled his perplexity by calling him very suddenly away one summer morning.

Verrières was much startled by the news, and Verrières's first thought on the subject was a pithy homily on the vanity of human sorrow. Verrières grieved very little for the dead man, but wondered very much who was going to step into his shoes. Several individuals, for whose business talents Monsieur Morel had entertained a strong contempt, had visions of purchasing the business, and lording it in the great old house; they sounded Lenoir, the old clerk, and as he heard them out and returned diplomatic replies, they one and all felt pretty sure of success. Monsieur Lenoir was very much perplexed. He consulted with Mademoiselle Morel's nearest relatives, and they all came to the conclusion that Monsieur Roussel, her uncle's brother, ought to be the successful applicant; he was not, indeed, the successor such a man as Monsieur Morel should have had, but he was the least objectionable of all the claimants for the dead man's honors. Monsieur Morel had been dead a fortnight, when Lenoir thought he could broach the subject to his late master's daughter. To his amazement, Charlotte interrupted him at once.

"Thank you," she said, "but please tell that Monsieur Roussel that I shall carry on the business myself."

Monsieur Lenoir stared and was dumb. Remonstrance was useless, and he knew it. Of course this poor, deluded young thing would never get on—never, not even with his assistance—but she had a will of her own, she was of age too, and it was plain that she emerged from her convent with the determination of having her own way henceforward.

Monsieur Lenoir was simply and sadly skeptical, but Verrières was bitterly ironical. It foretold Mademoiselle Morel's downfall, and watched her going down. The process was not a rapid one. Charlotte got on very well. Monsieur Lenoir did the traveling and the going about, and she staid at home and minded the business.

At first, Mademoiselle Morel knew nothing of the commotion her unexpected resolve had excited. But, by-and-by, good-natured people, who felt bound to tell her, let her into the secret. She thus learned that her downfall, slow, but sure, was predicated, and that not even in her own family was a voice raised to prophesy her success. Louise Roussel, a little chatterer of some seven years old, whom Charlotte was very fond of, gave her more information on that head than Charlotte cared to hear. She came in to her one evening, flushed and breathless with excitement.

"Oh! cousin," she cried, running up to Mademoiselle Morel, who was in the yard watering the creepers, "such news! My big brother, Henri, has just arrived."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; for a week only, you know. They all say I am so like him. Am I like him?" And she raised herself on tip-toe, and shook her auburn hair, for Charlotte the better to see the likeness.

Mademoiselle Morel looked down into the child's bright face.

"Yes, you are like him," she said, abstractedly; and she remained thus, with the watering-pot in her hand, like one in a dream.

"And they told him about you, you know," pursued Louise, "and papa groaned, and said you would never do. And Uncle Joseph laughed, and said you would never do; and Henri, you know, said, why not? Women do very well in business when they have brains and no heart."

Charlotte was silent; if it were not that she changed color a little, she looked as if she had not heard the child.

"And Henri is going to Uncle Joseph's to-night," continued the little thing; "and as he will not be back till Friday mamma will ask you to come and spend to-morrow's holiday with us. They asked Henri if he would mind seeing you—he said, no; but it would be awkward for a whole day."

Still Charlotte was silent.

She took the child to her own house. She found Monsieur Roussel in the garden. He asked her to sit down; and not having any fear of seeing Henri, she complied while her uncle resumed his digging.

"And how are you getting on?" he said, after a while, resting on his spade to address her.

"I am getting on well, uncle, I thank you."

Monsieur Roussel groaned and shook his head.

"Get married," he said; "get married, Charlotte."

"I am in no hurry, uncle."

"Well, you did wonderfully well not to take Henri, at least," he said, ruefully. "What do you think he came for?"

Charlotte did not answer.

"Why, to ask me for seven thousand five hundred francs. Neither more nor less. 'What for?' said I. 'But that he could not tell,' he replied. Seven thousand five hundred francs!" exclaimed Monsieur Roussel, in pious horror. "That boy will not end well, Charlotte."

Perhaps Charlotte had found to her own cost that one's friends are liberal of such prophecies, for she did not look so horrified as Monsieur Roussel evidently expected.

"You do not mean to say you think that natural?" he exclaimed, looking injured.

"I think nothing about it, uncle. Where is aunt?"

Madame Roussel now joined them. She, too, was full of the seven thousand five hundred francs.

"You know what Henri came for?" she said, plaintively.

"Yes; uncle has told me. What a fine evening!"

"Will you come and spend to-morrow with us? Henri will not be at home," continued Madame Roussel.

"I am not afraid of Henri," rather proudly replied Charlotte; "but I shall be glad to spend to-morrow with you," she added, with a little sigh, "holidays seem so lonely."

The Verrières fashion of spending holiday is a dull one.

A good dinner, a walk in the garden, and a round game of cards in the evening, was all the entertainment that Madame Roussel thought needful for her family. A thunder-storm interfered with one part of the programme—the garden was inaccessible. The dinner and the round game remained. Very long and wearisome seemed the dinner to Charlotte, who did not care for good cheer; and the evening was not much better. She soon lost all her counters, and was henceforth out of the game. While the others played on she leaned back in her chair, listening to the wind, which was rising, and to the rain that now beat wildly against the window-panes. Monsieur Roussel was peering at the cards through his gold spectacles; Marie showed her hand to her mother, who nodded and smiled; and little Louise, leaning her head heavily against Charlotte, was falling asleep. Mademoiselle Morel looked at them a little wistfully. There is pleasure and also pain in beholding a family circle when we are ourselves alone.

"If they had not asked me to join them," thought Charlotte, "I must have sat alone in my room this evening; and, because they asked me, he left the house—just as he left Verrières on my account four years ago. They do not seem to miss him much; and yet they surely care more about him than they care about me?"

A violent knocking at the front-door roused her from her reverie. She looked up with a start, and found the notary, his wife, and daughter exchanging alarmed glances.

"Why, what can have happened?" began Madame Roussel. "Surely—"

Here the knocking was repeated more violently than before, and this time the shuffling step of the servant, coming from the back of the house, said that she was hastening to give the impatient visitor admittance. They heard the front-door opening, and some one rushed in; then the door of the room in which they were sitting burst open, and Monsieur Joseph Roussel broke in upon them, with wild looks, wet garments, and a dripping umbrella.

"My money!" he gasped. "My money!" he shouted, recovering breath, and striking the floor with his umbrella. "Where is my money?"

They looked at him aghast. Monsieur Roussel remained with the uplifted card he was going to play in his hand, and stared at his brother with open mouth and eyes.

"I tell you I want my money," doggedly resumed Joseph. "I want my seven thousand five hundred francs."

"Seven thousand five hundred francs!" repeated the notary, turning livid, and a dreadful light seeming to break upon him as he heard the amount of the sum.

"Yes, seven thousand five hundred francs," sternly said Henri's uncle and godfather—"seven thousand five hundred francs, which were taken out of my desk this afternoon when Henri was in the house—do you hear?" and he rolled his eyes about and winked at them all with terrible significance.

Monsieur Roussel tried to speak, but words would not come to him. He sank forward on the table, and with his head lying there, uttered a heart-broken groan. Madame Roussel raised her hands to heaven, and uttered a despairing cry.

"We are ruined—ruined, disgraced, undone!" she said, wildly; and falling back into her chair she went into hysterics; upon which Marie began sobbing violently, and little Louise, who had been staring round her in dismay, uttered a succession of piercing shrieks. Charlotte alone preserving some presence of mind, ran to her aunt's assistance, and endeavored to calm her. Joseph Roussel looked around him in grim and gloomy triumph, winking rapidly.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," he said; "I knew how it would be—I always said so."

"For Heaven's sake, have mercy on us!" cried Monsieur Roussel, looking up, wildly. "Perhaps—perhaps Henri did not do it."

"Then who did?" angrily retorted his brother. "Do you want to cheat me out of my money, eh? You told me yourself he came to borrow seven thousand five hundred francs—did you not? Well, I tell you that I left Henri alone in the room with my desk, and when I came back at the end of a quarter of an hour Henri had vanished, the key, which I had forgotten on the table, was in the desk, and seven thousand five hundred francs in notes were gone. But if you think that I am going to bear with that loss just because Henri is my nephew and godson, you are very much mistaken, all of you," added Monsieur Joseph Roussel, glaring at the dismayed family, and striking the floor again with his umbrella.

"Henri shall return that money: he only meant to borrow it, of course," agitatedly said the notary. "But he shall return it, Joseph."

"And do you suppose I am going to wait till he returns my money?" exclaimed Joseph Roussel, looking indignant and amazed at the suggestion. "What brought me here, pray?"

"And how do I know that my son took your money?" asked Monsieur Roussel, with a feeble effort at skepticism.

"Did I not tell you so?" cried his brother, enraged.

"Well, but did you see him doing it?" desperately asked Monsieur Roussel—"did you see him?"

Joseph Roussel stared till his little eyes seemed ready to start out of their sockets.

"See him!" he at length gasped forth—"see him open my desk, and take out my hard-earned money, seven thousand five hundred francs!—you ask me if I saw him doing that? No, Sir," he indignantly exclaimed, answering his own question, "I did not see him, because he took care not to do it till my back was turned. But I can tell you what—Jean, my servant, heard and saw. He saw your son Henri at the post-office, handing over to the post-mistress a letter with five blue seals—five blue seals—and declaring it to be worth seven thousand five hundred francs! What do you think of that?"

The notary groaned. "For Heaven's sake, have mercy on me!" he said, piteously.

"I want my money, Sir; my money!"

"You shall have it, though it will half ruin me," distractedly said Monsieur Roussel; "but keep it quiet—oh, keep it quiet!"

"And what did I come here for but to keep it quiet?" screamed Joseph, at the pitch of his voice; "what did I come here for?"

"It will ruin me," said Henri's father, despairingly; "it will ruin me."

On hearing this Madame Roussel burst into tears, and with many piteous sobs she asked why her children were to be plundered for Henri's misdeeds. Her husband heard her with a dull, vacant stare of misery. There is a tragic hour in most lives, however tame and commonplace may seem their current, and that tragic hour had come to him. Grief and despair gave a terrible meaning to his little peevish face, and Charlotte's heart sank within her as she heard him mutter, in a low, dull voice, "I will not be disgraced. On the day when this is known in Verrières I shall just go down the garden and make a hole in the water: I will not be disgraced."

Even as he uttered the words the door opened, and Henri, who had come back in his boat and walked up the garden, entered the room.

"Cards," he said, carelessly, "cards—who wins?"

No one answered. He gave a sharp look round the room, and at once his careless look vanished. But he did not speak. He stood without uttering one word, evidently waiting. His father rose.

"Henri," he said, sternly, "you sent off seven thousand five hundred francs to Paris to-day."

Henri looked thunder-struck.

"I did," he replied, at length.

"To whom?"

"I can not tell."

"From whom did you get that money?"

"I can not tell."

The young man spoke very sullenly, and looked black as night at that cross-examination.

"You must get that money back," said his father, trying to speak composedly, though he was deadly pale, "for your uncle," he added, pointing to the dark part of the room where Joseph Roussel stood leaning on his umbrella. "Your uncle had his desk opened to-day, and seven thousand five hundred francs taken from it."

Henri gave a sudden start, and turned dreadfully pale.

"You did not think I should miss it so soon, did you?" asked his uncle Joseph, nodding grimly at him; "but you had scarcely turned your back on the house when I wanted some money, and found out that my seven thousand five hundred francs were gone. Thank your stars that I am your godfather as well as your uncle," he added, in a menacing voice. "Thank your stars, I say!"

Henri sank on a chair, and thence looked at him, then from him to his father. At first it seemed as if words would not pass his white lips. When he spoke at length it was to address the notary and say:

"Father, what do you say to this?"

Monsieur Roussel raised his trembling hand toward him.

"God forgive you, Henri," he said, in a broken voice.

Henri leaped up from the chair on which he was sitting; his blue eyes flashed like fire, his pale face grew still paler with wrath, as iron is at its hottest when it is whitest, and in a voice of thunder he cried:

"Father! father! what do you mean?"

"Do!—threaten your father after dishonoring him," cried Madame Roussel, starting up in mingled fear and hate.

Henri gave his step-mother a look of indignation and scorn; but before he could open his lips to reply Charlotte went up to the notary, and laying her hand on his arm she said, in a low, indignant voice, while her other outstretched hand pointed to Henri Roussel, "Uncle, uncle, do you not see that your son is innocent?"

"Innocent!" gasped the notary, staring round the room; "how so?"

"How so! look at him and see it. Henri Roussel is innocent—I tell you he is innocent," she added, her eyes flashing with generous indignation, "and that you ought all to die with shame at having doubted him."

"Yes, I am innocent," sternly said the young man; "and, what is more, I can prove it. That money which uncle so kindly accuses me of having taken from his desk I already had when I saw him. I borrowed it on my vineyard above Verrières. Ask Farmer Grangé, and see if he will deny it."

"Then who took my money?" cried Monsieur Joseph Roussel, looking very wild.

"That is your business, not mine," bitterly replied the young man; then looking round him he added: "I have learned this evening what trust in my honor I may expect in this house. Let none of you wonder that I shall henceforth make my home among strangers. I leave Verrières this very night—now, this moment, and it will be strange indeed if I ever set foot in it again."

He looked round the room once more; then going straight up to the spot where Charlotte stood alone—

"God bless you!" he said, with much emotion. "God bless you!"

She did not answer. She stood there before him, passive, and like one in a dream. He said no more, but turned away, and was gone. As the door closed upon him, as they heard his step rapidly going up the staircase, the notary, recovering from his amazement, turned angrily on his brother:

"How dare you come with your cock-and-bull stories to me?" he cried, with fury. "How dare you accuse my son of robbery?"

Monsieur Joseph Roussel slapped his forehead. Then a sudden light seemed to break upon him.

"I know who did it," he cried; "I know;" and he rushed out of the house like one distracted.

The notary threw himself down on a chair, and addressing his wife, said, very ruefully:

"Louise, you should have told me not to believe it—you should have told me."

Madame Roussel raised her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, and speaking from behind it, said, in a melancholy voice:

"It all falls upon me because I am not his mother."

Charlotte signed to Marie to follow her out of the room. When they both stood outside the door she whispered:

"Go and beg of your brother not to leave the house to-night."

"I dare not," replied Marie, whose eyes were red with weeping; "Henri never minds me."

"Try, Marie—try," urged Charlotte.

The girl went reluctantly, and very anxiously Charlotte waited for her at the foot of the staircase. Marie soon came down again; Henri's door was locked, and he had refused to admit her. Madame Roussel, who now joined them, heard this, and looked piteously at her niece.

"Do try, Charlotte," she said; "do try."

"I!" said Charlotte, with a start.

"Yes, do. My poor husband is broken-hearted, but will not say a word to keep him, and Henri would not mind me; but he will at least hear you. If he would only stay to-night! Do try, Charlotte! You can go and sit up stairs, and speak to him when he is coming down."

She put a light in her niece's hand, and Charlotte took it like one in a dream. She went up to the room on the first-floor and sat down, leaving the door open. Every thing looked very gaunt and dreary in the pale light of the wax-candle, burning quietly on the table. The tall, ledger-like books, the dull iron safe, the stiff, black chairs, were very grim and forbidding of aspect; but Charlotte, if she saw, did not heed them. She was listening to sounds in the room above, sounds of hurried footsteps and moving furniture, which ended at length in the unlocking of a door and a step coming down the staircase. Without leaving her chair or even looking round, Charlotte said, in a low voice:

"Henri!"

She spoke so low that he might not have heard her; but he did. He came in at once. He threw the carpet-bag he was carrying on the floor; he drew a chair near hers, and sitting down upon it he took the hand that hung loosely in the folds of her black dress, and he raised it to his lips.

"God bless you for your faith in me!" he said, in a low voice; "I shall never forget it—never."

"I trust you are not going," she said, without looking round at him. "Your father, your mother, are deeply grieved."

"Do not believe it," he interrupted, bitterly; "they never loved me, or they could not have thought me guilty so readily. What have I ever done to deserve such an insult as this?"

"Ah! nothing indeed," Charlotte could not help saying; "but they repent it: forgive them."

"Willingly; but I will not live with them. This evening has burned itself into my very soul. It has shown me two things it is not in my power to forget—their doubt, and your faith in my honor." He rose as he said this.

"Pray, do stay," she urged.

"Stay! What for?" he asked, moodily. "They will suspect me next for that money; they will want to know what I am doing with it; and if I do not tell—and I will not tell them—they will shake their heads and say, 'Henri is going to ruin. We always said so.'"

Charlotte was silent.

"But you must think no harm of me for that," he resumed, eagerly; "that money is to save a friend from disgrace. I run no risk; I have security to double the amount I lend; but to have it known that he borrows would ruin him, and ruin him so thoroughly that I should not have told you so much, only I could not bear you should think, as they will be sure to say, that I am a spendthrift and a profligate."

"Pray, do stay," she said again.

"I can not. You have been very good to me this evening—better than I deserve; but I can not stay."

"Why so?"

"Do not ask me." His voice shook as he uttered the words.

For the first time Charlotte turned her face toward him. Their looks met: their eyes were very dim with tears; yet each read the same story in the other's gaze. In a moment the tale was told, understood, and firmly believed in forever.

"Then you like me—you do like me!" cried Henri, amazed and delighted.

"A little, but very little," she replied, smiling demurely; "for, if you go, how can I like you?"

"Ah, how can I go now!" he exclaimed, overjoyed.

All the wisdom of Verrières went distracted on the day when Charlotte and Henri's bans were published. A nice mess of poor Monsieur Morel's money those two would make, and a nice life they would lead. It is mortifying to record it, but the wisdom of Verrières was again all wrong. The business flourished in the hands of the young pair, and Charlotte's faith in him was the spell which bound the dragon of Henri's temper forever. Never once—and three years have passed since their wedding-day—did that fierce dragon waken when she was concerned, though truth compels us to say that Henri's uncle and godfather once or twice found how that same dragon was not always sleeping.

The unfortunate gentleman's seven thousand five hundred francs were never recovered, and the mystery of their disappearance promises to become one of the legends of Verrières.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Stretch of Imagination—Drawing the long bow!

Motto for Miners—I'll take my Davy.

AFTER THE DANCE.

Charles.

Tell me, Laura, why that sadness?
Tell me why that look of ca.e?
Why has fled that look of gladness
That thy face was wont to wear?

Laura.

Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble,
Well my face may wear a frown,
For I've lost my largest hair-pin,
And my chignon's coming down!

A Cry of Distress.—Hundreds of afflicted fathers of families, who have heard of an announcement of "The Musical Infant," are clamoring to know where such a welcome addition to domestic happiness can be found. Expense no object, if the luxury is only procurable.

A Milesian hearing sundry reports rather against his character for veracity, exclaimed, in an honest burst of indignation, "Thank forten, half the lies that are told about me ain't true!"

"What a traveler you have become!" exclaimed an Englishman on meeting an acquaintance at Constantinople.

"To tell you the truth," was the frank reply, "I am obliged to run about the world to keep ahead of my character; the moment it overtakes me I am ruined; but I don't care who knows me so long as I travel *incognito*."

As a leopard can not help being spotted, is it possible for him to conceal himself?

Bishop Hedding, speaking of the muddy traveling at the West, mentioned a case of Irish wit. The Bishop was moving along in a gig at a slow walk, when an Irishman on foot overtook him.

"Good-morning," said the Bishop.

"Good-morning, yer Honor," replied the Irishman.

"You seem to have the advantage of me in your mode of traveling, my friend," continued the Bishop.

"An' I'll swap with yer, if you please," was the quick reply.

Two gentlemen, noted for their fondness of exaggeration, were stating how they fared at their different hotels. One observed that at his hotel he had tea so strong it was necessary to confine it in an iron vessel. "At mine," said the other, "it is made so weak it has not strength to run out of the tea-pot."

A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The court wouldn't admit the plea, because almost every married man would be liable to the same imputation.

A parson, not "a sea-faring man," etc., thus explained to his hearers the main idea of the text that hope is like an anchor to the soul: "My friends, I suppose you all know what an anchor is. It is a kind of a thing to get a ship under a good headway with."

A wealthy bachelor, having had one or two lawsuits for breach of promise, now replies to a young lady who wishes a "few minutes" private conversation: "No you don't, Madam. It cuts me to the heart to be compelled to doubt the honorableness of your intentions, but that sort of thing is played out. My rule is imperative; and if you have any business with me it must be transacted in the presence of two witnesses."

A lady gave a fancy-ball not long since, and placed a servant at the door to announce the costumes as they entered. A couple of ladies appeared in full ball-room dress. "What costume shall I announce?" asked the servant. "We are not in costume," they replied. "Two ladies without costume," shouted the servant, to the horror of every body.

SIGNS.

It is a good sign to see a man do an act of charity—a bad sign to hear him boast of it.

It is a good sign to see a man wipe the perspiration from his brow—bad to see him wipe his lips as he comes out of a cellar.

It's a good sign to see a man advertise in the papers—bad to see the sheriff advertise for him.

It's a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness—bad to see her husband sued for finery.

This is the way a colored gentleman in New York State announced his intended marriage, combining business with pleasure:

"NOTICE.—Seazar Carter will be married at Miller's Hall, November 25, 1868, at seven o'clock P.M. Admittance to the hall, fifty cents. A good time expected. Come one, come all.

"Seazar Carter."

The Man who "looks Down in the Mouth"—A Dentist.

At an examination in one of our young ladies' seminaries, the other day, the question was put to a class of little ones: "Who makes the laws of our Government?" "Congress," was the ready reply. "How is Congress divided?" was the next question. But the little girl to whom it was put failed to answer it. Another little girl in the class raised up her hand, indicating that she could answer it. "Well," said the examiner, "Miss Sallie, what do you say the division is?" Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came: "Civilized, half-civilized, and savage."

There was one tragedy in Salem, Massachusetts, which Mr. Longfellow neglected to notice in his recent poems. A head-stone in a church-yard in that city tells the whole story in two lines, as follows:

"Elizabeth Lowering rears this marble slab
To her dear John, who died of eating crab."

Mynheer Drinkhoff makes a distinction thus: "Too much whisky is too much, but too much lager beer is shoost right."

A SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY ON BONNETS.

Oh! the bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore to school! I really thought them pretty—I must have been a fool. And yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss; perhaps I was, as fashion went; but what was that to this? Oh! the lovely little pancake—the charming little mat! It makes my head so level, and so very, very flat. Oh! a sister's love is charming, as every body knows; and a handsome cousin's love is nice (that is, I should suppose); and the love of a true lover is a love that can not fail—but the love of a new bonnet is the dearest love of all.

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said, "In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was the golden calf."

"Very likely," replied a lady, "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

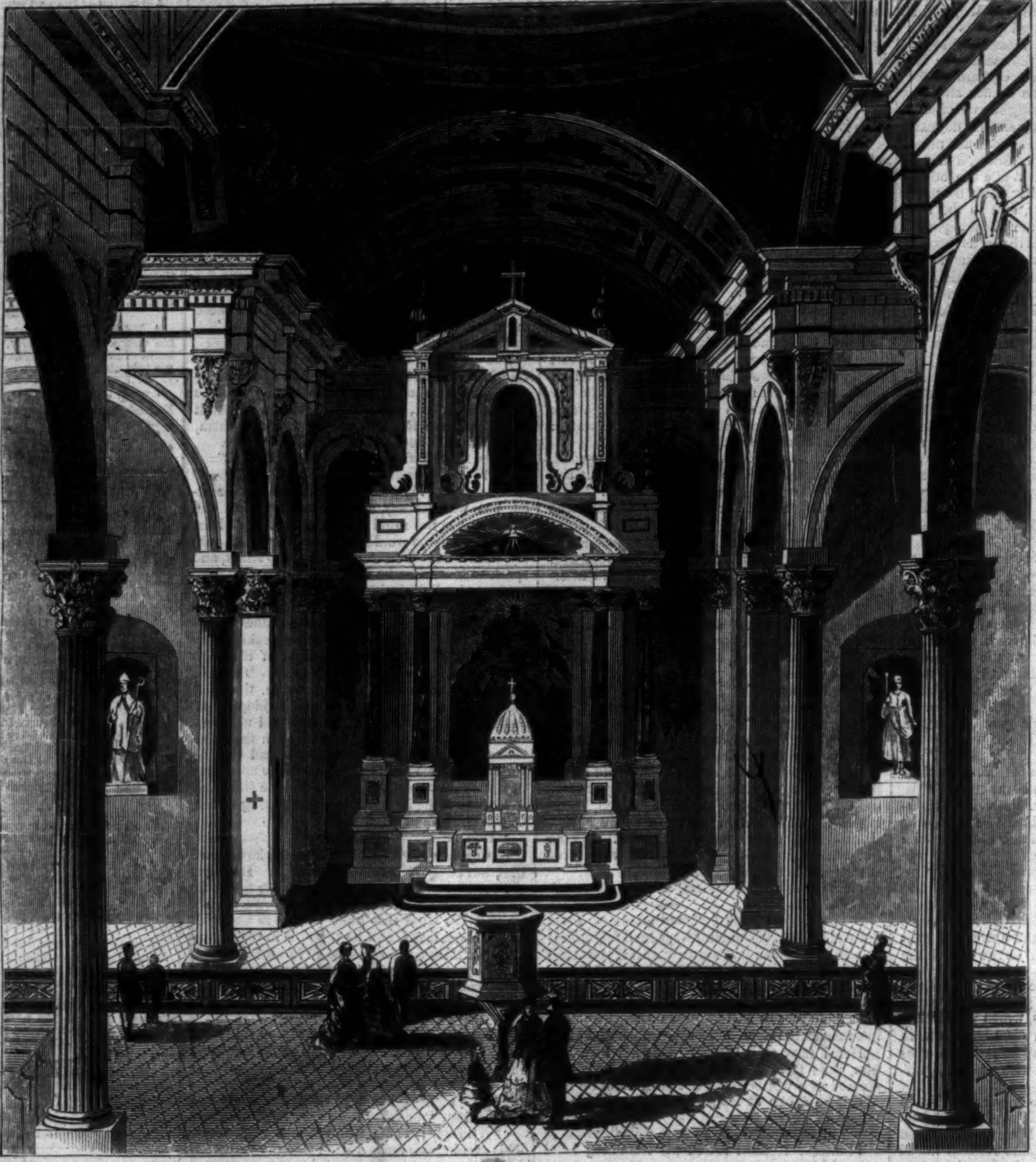
"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady the other day to a rather elderly bachelor friend.

"I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply.

"I guess you haven't been up our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

ALTAR OF LEAVENWORTH CATHEDRAL.

The prominence given to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception by the Roman Catholic Church is shown by the number of edifices which have received from this doctrine their name.—Thus the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Leavenworth, Kansas, is called the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. We give on this page an illustration, drawn from a photograph, of the altar of this cathedral. Perhaps we could give our readers no more interesting evidence of the enterprise of the emigrants to our Western frontier than is afforded by a representation of this magnificent specimen of architecture.

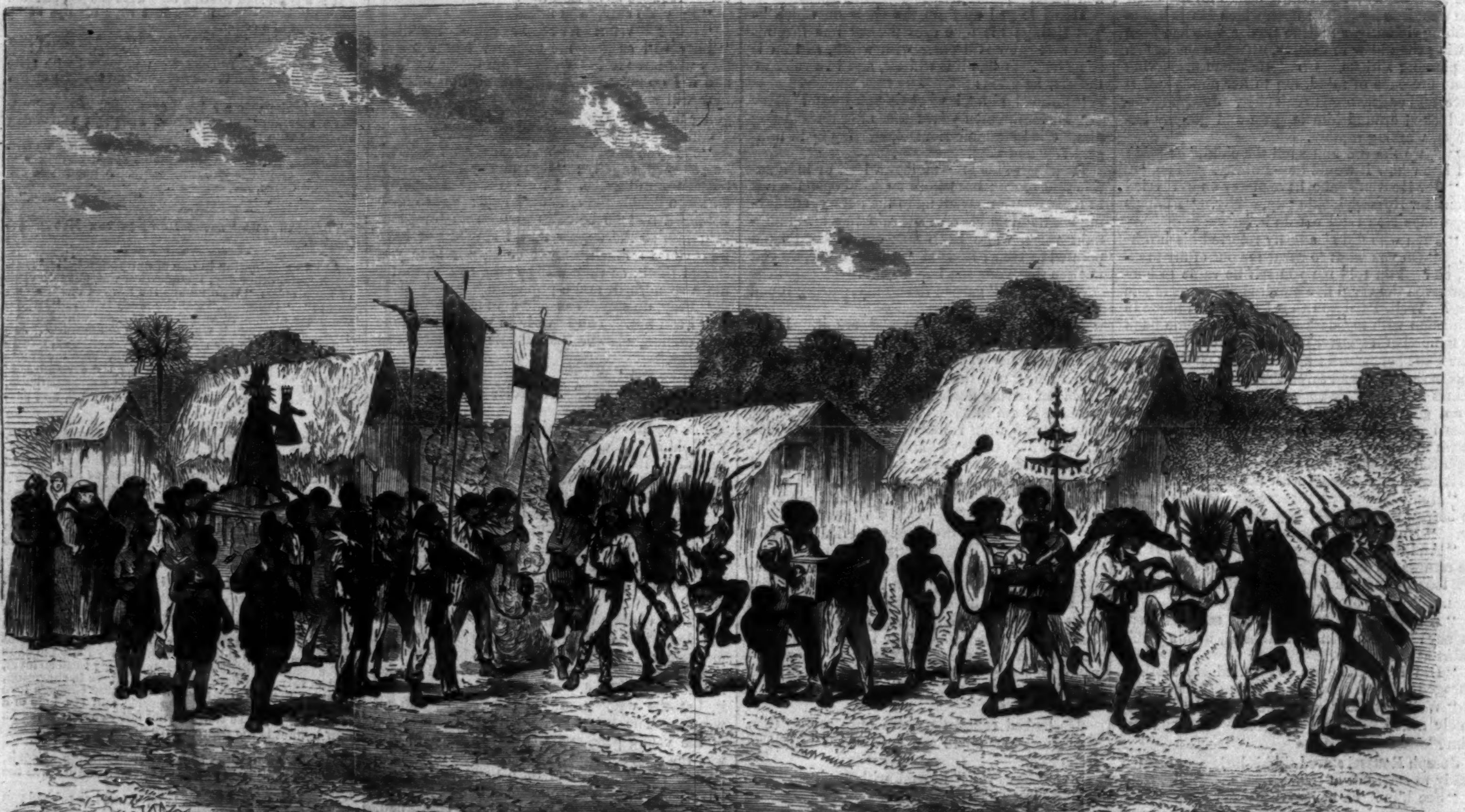


ALTAR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.—[Phot. by E. E. Henry.]

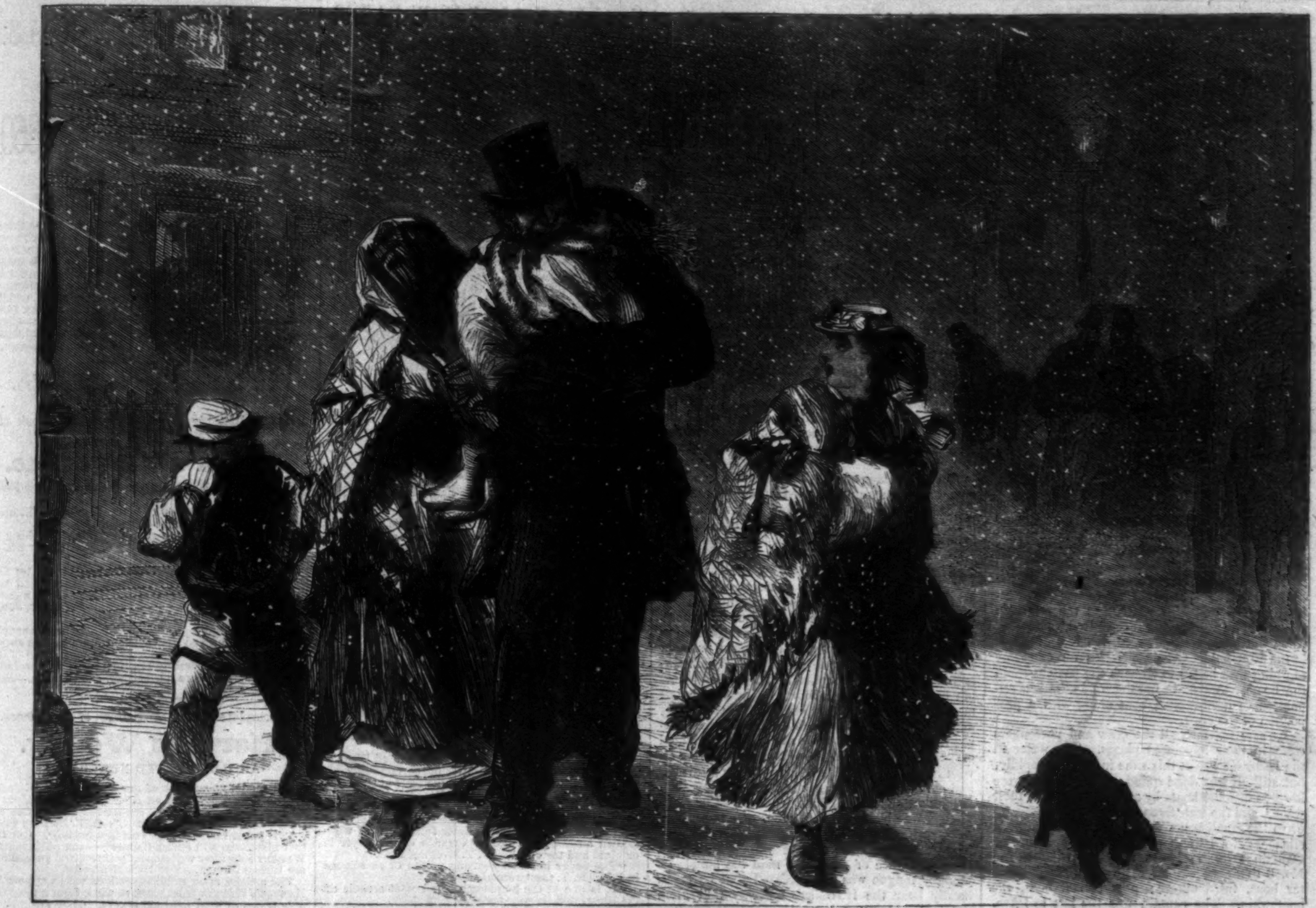
CATHOLIC PROCESSION IN PERU.

As our readers already know, the only religion tolerated in Peru is the Roman Catholic. There are three dioceses or bishoprics, corresponding to the departmental division of the country. Each bishop resides in the capital city of his department; in each province there is a vicar; and in each district a cura, or parish priest. In the small city of Arequipa there are 3 monasteries, 4 convents, 1 beatorio, or house for the reception of pious women, 1 cathedral, 17 temples, a hospital for the clergy, and an orphan asylum. In the smaller city of Cuzco there are 20 churches, 4 convents, and 5 large monasteries. Out of a population of 2,500,000 only 900,000 are of Spanish descent; thus almost two-thirds of the people are Indians and negroes. The Peruvians are very ignorant and superstitious. While the Church is immensely rich, there are no schools for the lower classes. To such a people religion becomes simply a dramatic spectacle; the masses are pleased with splendid shows and processions. In the presence of a great calamity—such as that of the recent earthquakes—they are panic-stricken, and the images of the Virgin and of the saints are endowed by their imaginations with those miraculous powers which the Ashantees ascribe to their fetiches.

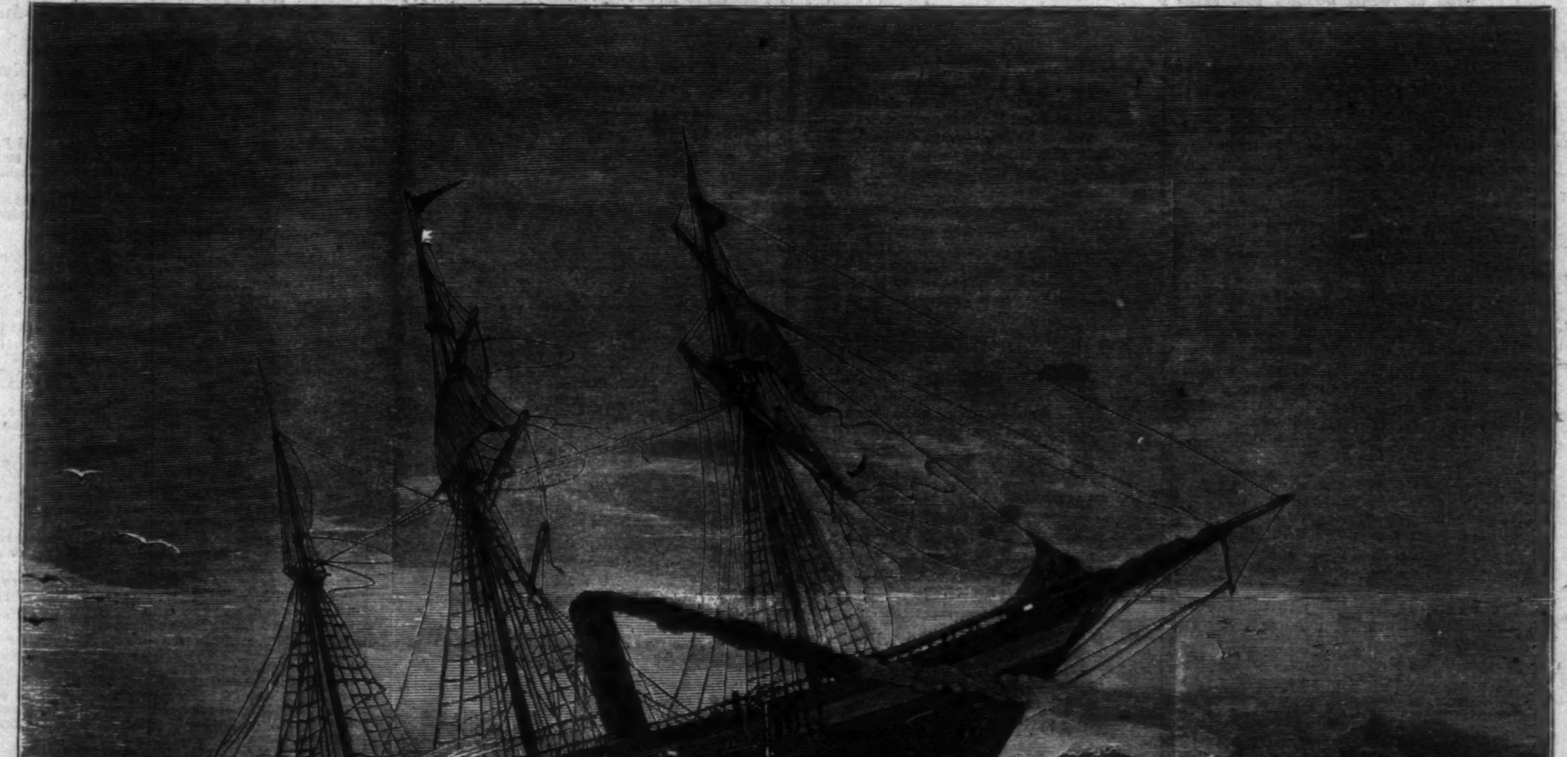
Our illustration on this page represents the Roman Catholic procession in celebration of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, at Sarayacu, Peru. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was first defined by the present Pope, December 8, 1854. The words of the decree then solemnly promulgated in the Basilica of St. Peter's, in the presence of 300 archbishops, bishops, and prelates, were as follows; "We define the doctrine which holds the most blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her conception to have been preserved free from all stain of original sin, by the singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, and therefore to be firmly and constantly held by all the faithful."—Those acquainted with ecclesiastical history do not need to be told that this doctrine was long a subject of controversy in the Roman Catholic Church; that its introduction into the Western Churches does not date back earlier than the 8th or 9th centuries; or that the attempt to enforce its celebration met with opposition, especially from the Dominicans. The inauguration by Pio Nono of the monument erected in honor of the Immaculate Conception took place in Rome, September, 1857. It is somewhat wonderful that woman, in the most sacred of her earthly relations—that of marriage—should be entirely ignored by the priests of a Church so especially devoted to the worship of the "Mother of God."



PROCESSION OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AT SARAYACU, PERU.



OUT IN THE SNOW.



FOUNDERING OF THE "HIBERNIA."—From a Sketch by One of the Survivors.—[See Page 62.]

FOUNDERING OF THE "HIBERNIA."

THE last two months have been remarkable for terrific gales at sea. We heard, about the end of November, of the wreck of the *Hibernia*, of which we give an illustration on page 61, from a sketch by one of the survivors—a cabin passenger in the doomed vessel. The *Hibernia* plied between New York and Glasgow; when she went down she was 700 miles to the west of Ireland.

Captain MUNRO, in his narrative, states that the *Hibernia* left New York on Saturday afternoon, November 14, with 133 souls on board, including a crew of fifty-nine, all told. When leaving New York a pretty stiff breeze was blowing, but it was by no means severe till the day before the accident, which caused the loss of the fine steamer, occurred. On Monday, the 23d, there was a heavy gale of wind from the southwest, which caused the vessel to labor; and on Tuesday morning, at two o'clock, the screw-shaft broke in the stern-pipe, and the screw, consequently getting loose, damaged the stern-post of the steamer, to which the rudder is attached. The "pipe" itself was also damaged by the then unconnected screw; and the result of both these most untoward circumstances was the ingress of large volumes of water into the after-part of the vessel. A heavy gale was still blowing. During the whole of Tuesday the crew and others were engaged in throwing cargo overboard to lighten the ship, and the engine and other pumps were kept going, but the effect produced was not material. On Tuesday night the course was changed to northwest; and on Wednesday morning, the 25th, the situation became so critical that all the boats were lowered. Long before this the after-hold was flooded with water, and the *Hibernia* seemed to be rapidly sinking—indeed, there was, when the boats were lowered, ten feet of water in the after-hold. At six o'clock on Wednesday morning they began to embark the passengers in the boats. A certain number of ladies was appointed to occupy each boat along with a proportion of the crew.

At seven o'clock all the crew and passengers were in their appointed places. The water in the *Hibernia* was at this time increasing rapidly, but still all was done quietly. The ladies were lowered into the boats by a rope attached to their waists, and the transference from the large steamer to the small boats was effected in the utmost silence. No. 1 life-boat was under command of Captain MUNRO; No. 2 life-boat, chief mate; No. 3 life-boat, second mate; starboard-quarter boat, third officer; port-quarter boat, the boatswain. The captain was the last to leave. After getting about a quarter of a mile from the sinking ship, she went down stern foremost. This occurred at twenty minutes past seven o'clock. So far as possible, each of the boats was equally provisioned. At about half past seven o'clock the chief-mate's boat, containing thirty-three persons, capsized. At this time the captain's life-boat was about a quarter of a mile from that of the chief mate; but, owing to the gale then blowing and the crowded state of his boat, Captain MUNRO was unable to render any assistance.

In the evening Captain MUNRO and his companions in No. 1 life-boat were picked up by the ship *Star of Hope*, Captain TALBOT, from Quebec to Aberdeen. Having being considerately cared for, Captain MUNRO suggested to Captain TALBOT that a look-out should be kept for the other boats. Captain TALBOT agreed; and, lights being hoisted, a look-out was kept, when the boatswain's boat was descried between eleven and twelve at night, and the occupants were rescued. A heavy gale still prevailed, but the weather shortly afterward moderated considerably. The search for the other boats was continued by the *Star of Hope*; but, after cruising about for thirty hours, Captain TALBOT gave up the fruitless task and bore on his course. The two boats rescued contained altogether fifty-two persons.

The boat that was upset has since reached the coast of Donegal, with the mate and two hands. Being a life-boat, it righted itself, and the survivors succeeded in getting on board after the boat had lain bottom up for four hours, the mate and two others clinging to her the whole of that time. The second mate states that two of the passengers jumped overboard the first day the boat was at sea, preferring certain death at once, apparently, to the probable horrors of long exposure, hunger, and thirst in an open boat. On the third day another passenger, wearied of the torture, also leaped overboard. Five other passengers died from exposure, and sixteen passengers are said to have been lost by the capsizing of the boat. The three survivors, having made ineffectual attempts to call the attention of passing ships by signals, succeeded in running into Mulroy Bay, on the Donegal coast. The brig *Hannibal*, which arrived in London January 8, reports through the cable that she passed the *Ocean Spray*, bound to New York, with 39 of the missing passengers and crew of the *Hibernia*.

The ship *John Duncan*, which sailed from St. John's, New Brunswick, for Liverpool, November 2, encountered a hurricane gale on the 10th, and, after suffering from tremendous seas, was the next day thrown upon her port-beam ends, while as many of her crew as survived took to the fore-rigging and afterward to the top-gallant foresail. In the evening the ship fell over on her broadside, with masts and yards in the water. Then she righted; but her provisions had all been swept away except a pig, which was killed. Thirteen lives had been lost in the storm, including the captain and his wife. The seven survivors were rescued on the 23d by the American brig *Dirigo*, and were landed in Liverpool toward the close of December.

The Cunard steamer *China*, from Liverpool December 26, and the Inman steamer *Etna* from the same port, December 23, arrived at New York on the 10th of January, after a long and perilous voyage. The preservation of the *Etna* seems almost miraculous. She had a heavy cargo and 140 passengers. She encountered a succession of furious gales; on the 28th her fifth officer, Mr. MOLYNEUX, and eight seamen were swept overboard by a heavy sea. The seamen were saved, but the officer perished. The gale culminated in a hurricane on New-Year's Eve, but the stanch vessel outrode the storm. She was detained for several days within 1000 miles of New York.

SUPTUR SING.

ABOUT a hundred miles eastward of the Island of Bombay a range of hills divides the Northern Konkan from Khandes, and on one of the loftiest of the range the English have established a sanitarium for as many of the officials as can escape from the burning plains of Khandes during the intense heats of summer.

Suptur Sing, as its name implies, is dedicated, in Hindoo belief, to the monkey god, Hûnamûn, probably because there is no place on the face of the earth where, at the shortest notice, so many monkeys can assemble together; and from such an assemblage a ludicrous incident occurred which, however, *might* have ended in direful tragedy.

In the summer of 184– the light bamboo huts on the plateau were occupied by only three English families; but as one sheltered the august person of the Burra Sahib of the District, Collector E——, a guard of native soldiers kept watch and ward over the small colony. The Collector was busy with his official papers, the two other officers were in their own quarters, when they were all disturbed by the most fearful noises their ears had ever encountered. The Collector's shouts of "Quye hye!" were quickly responded to by the havildar (sergeant) of the guard, who, in reply to the query, "Ka bobbery hye," (What noise is that?) respectfully replied that Mem G—— Sahib had that morning abducted a butcha (baby) monkey from its mother, and that all the family and friends had come to reclaim it, and were making their desires known by the noise complained of. Mr. E—— at first only laughed, and went on with his work; but the soldier shortly returned, and explained that things outside were beginning to look serious; and indeed they were—the whole plateau was black with monkeys of all sizes and ages, grinning, chattering, and gesticulating. The Collector could not believe his eyes, and on the appearance of the white man the babble of monkey tongue was so increased that he could hardly hear the Havildar's entreaty that Mem Sahib should restore her prize. Mr. E——, the model of well-bred deference to ladies, was loth to interfere; but a few moments' survey of the surging mass before him convinced him that, if a most serious fight was to be avoided, Mrs. G—— must surrender the butcha. An intimation to this effect was sent to Mrs. G——, with an explanation of the Collector's apprehensions; but the lady was not to be frightened into giving up her plaything: "What could a lot of monkeys do against a dozen armed soldiers?" Rather should she have asked, as did Mr. E——, "What could a dozen soldiers do against some thousands of monkeys?" The Collector ended the matter by sending a written order to the husband of the lady to give up the young one, or to take it and themselves off the hill in *ten* minutes. There is some good even in despotism—the Collector's word was law for many a mile round Suptur Sing—the lady sulkily produced the butcha, the mother snatched it to her bosom with every expression of delight, and in a few minutes not a monkey was in sight. Mr. E—— had been in India more than thirty years, and he said that, in all his encounters with wild animals, he had never felt himself in such peril as from the bereaved mother and her friends.

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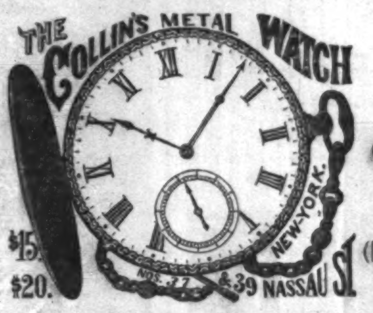

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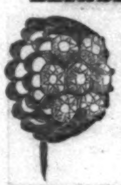

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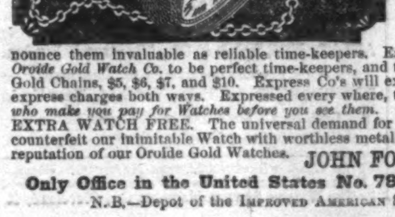

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